

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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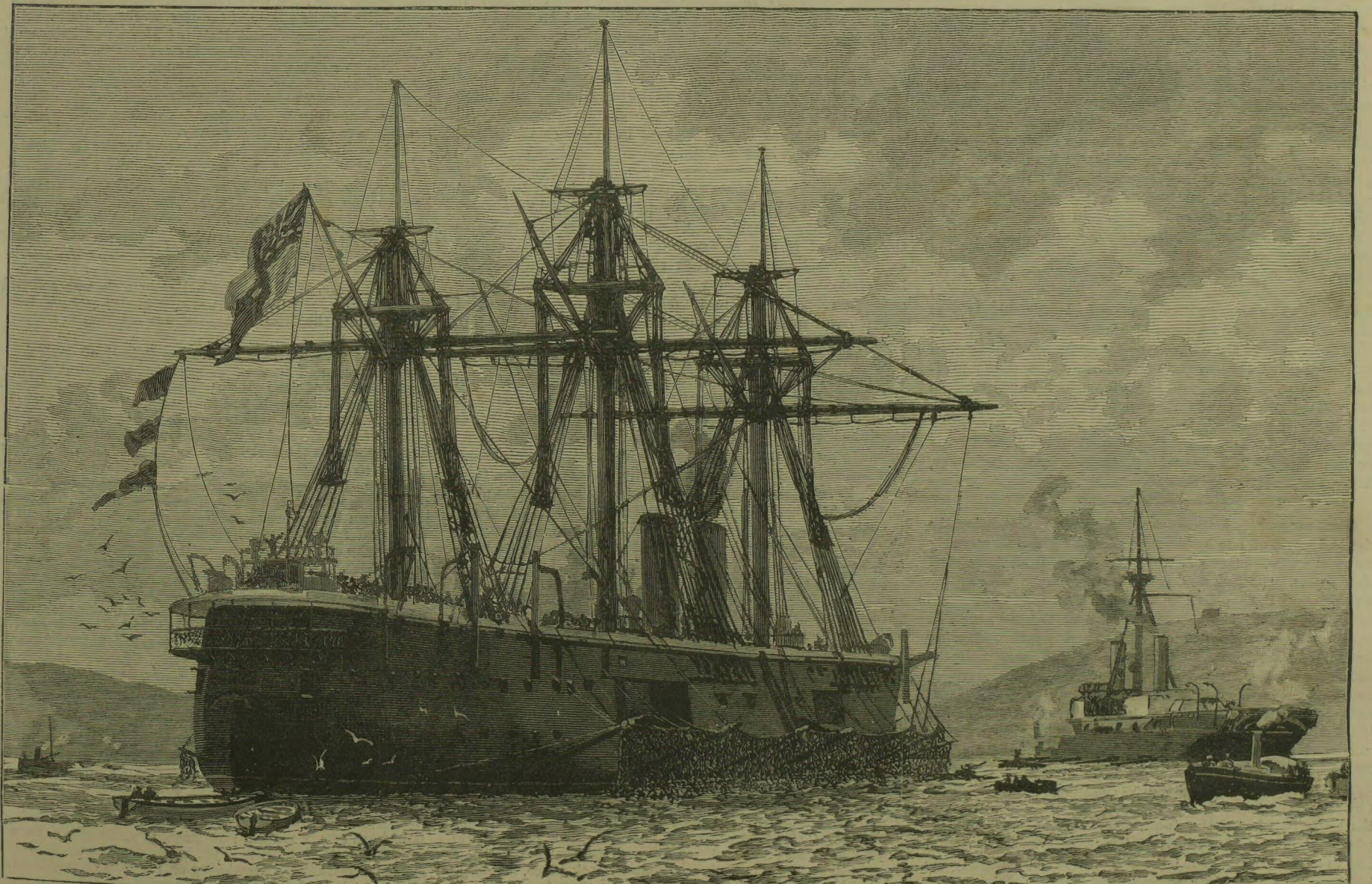
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS) By Post, 6¹/₂d.



TRYING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON THE PASSAGE FROM PORTLAND TO BANTRY BAY.



PREPARING FOR ACTION: RIGGING OUT TORPEDO DEFENCES.
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A writer in the *Spectator* justly points out that a way which seldom fails in cases of sleeplessness is to recall the incidents of a dream. This is a much better plan than the counting-up to a thousand, making a picture in the mind of sheep following one another through a gap, or reciting Gray's *Elegy*—all of which have been much recommended. It is, however, essential to the success of this plan that the dream should be the one from which one has last awakened; it must still have something of the vagueness natural to dreams about it, or it will not be effectual: an old trusted dream is of no more use for the purpose than any actual incident of life; and it is not so easy to catch your dream while he is young and fresh. For my part, I find the calling-up of a familiar landscape (always the same), very far-stretching and in the horizon blurred by distance, is—in default of a dream—the next best thing to be done. Wittenham Clump seen from the Ilsley Downs is a good place. Next to that, try a railway train: picture yourself travelling by the night express to Scotland over some exposed spot such as Shap Fell; let it be very cold outside, with the wind howling to get at you, while you are snugly ensconced in your railway rugs. If you let the fancy stray, on no account permit it to concern itself with the future; for imagination, which is fatal to sleep, is sure to be thereby set to work. Think of the past, which only summons memory and presents nothing new.

There is a notion abroad that the older one grows the less one has need of sleep, but for my part every year I like it in larger and larger quantities:

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night,

is a verse that has led a good many people astray. The poet does not tell us how those great men felt in the morning. I don't believe in this night-work. Arsenius used to say that one hour's sleep a night was enough for a monk; but I am not aware that even as a monk he greatly distinguished himself. Caligula never slept above three hours, and no wonder. The best advice, I am persuaded, that can be given to a brain-worker is "go to bed early, and sleep for ten hours"; it is true that doctors are addicted to working at night, but they have the honesty to tell their patients, both in this matter and in feasting (for there is nobody so "imprudent" as your doctor), "Do as I tell you, not do as I do." This cutting short of sleep is one of the snares in which we poor literary folk are so often caught and slain. What terrible examples have I not seen of it in the noblest and best of us! Shakspeare understood the value of sleep thoroughly, and has written the noblest praise of it. The worst punishment even his imagination could devise for a criminal was that he should "sleep no more." This, be it noted, was not because he had murdered his king and guest (though that, of course, was reprehensible), but because he had murdered Sleep itself, a very much more serious matter.

That was a very cruel, though not an uncommon trick to play upon the editor of an American magazine—to send him a short poem of John Keats', saying the author was only thirteen years old, and hoping it would find admittance. If, as reputed, it was played by his own proprietor, I know no more remorseless act, save that, perhaps, of seething a kid in its mother's milk. "How could he, *could* he do so?" What can that editor think of his proprietor? and what can that proprietor think of his editor—as an editor? I don't remember one's literary feelings ever being so shocked! I don't think the editor ought to have shown such ignorance of his Keats, or made such a mistake—if he *was* ignorant—about poems every one of which is exceptionally beautiful; but it must not be supposed if, as is probable, this practical joke comes to be imitated by humourists on this side of the water that every rejection of an extract from an established author is to score as a success. There are many things in the British classics, and especially in the blank verse ones, that have not deserved to be printed once, and much less twice. I remember an "able editor" shutting the gates of his magazine in the face of a young gentleman who had fraudulently sent him some lines out of Thomson's "Seasons" as his own, with what he considered the happiest result—rejection. Some good man took up the cudgels for my friend. "You didn't print them because, of course, you knew they were Thomson's," he said, "though you didn't think it worth while to say so?" "No, Sir," observed the editor, blandly, "they were not rejected on that account: I did not know they were Thomson's, but I knew they were dull." This was taking the bull by the horns—or, rather, the young ass by the ears—indeed.

The Czar and his Imperial family have been delighting the civilised world of late by having a picnic, "just like anybody else, you know," on one of the picturesque little islands off Helsingfors. "Orders were given for a hamper, with all the requirements, to be placed in a boat, and their Majesties got into it." If they had got into the hamper the circumstance could hardly have excited more delight and surprise. Having landed, the attendants were sent back, and the Czar, "with the assistance of other members of the Imperial family, arranged an excellent luncheon." As the luncheon was provided and he had "assistance," I don't think so much of this feat; but the Emperor of all the Russias, we are told, then actually "chopped the necessary fuel, to which, after considerable difficulty, he at length set light." Of course, therefore, he did not use a match, none of your Bryant and May's (which once more I am glad to see "strike" only on the box), but doubtless evoked sparks by the rapid rotation of a stick of hard wood applied to a soft one. I should like to have seen him at it: the Imperial family shielding the budding flame with their parasols, and offering strips of the *Incendiary* (the last Nihilist organ) as most likely to take

light. The meal, we are assured, was much relished, and "the Samovar enabled the Imperial picnickers to turn out a delicious cup of tea." This Samovar has puzzled a good many people: she is generally supposed to be a lady who answers to the personage who, at our seaside resorts, supplies hot water to tea-parties at twopence a head. Even in that case, the success of the experiment would have seemed nothing surprising; but I am informed by a gentleman who has a wife who says she can speak Russian (which is as near to a Russian scholar as I have ever got) that the Samovar is a tea-urn, which renders the result still less miraculous. Still, it is not the thing done, don't you know, but the person who does it, that gives such a charm to social life.

Fact has been once more trespassing on the domains of Fiction, with certain alterations in the circumstances which it invariably adopts in hopes to conceal its breach of copyright. A happy couple in Scotland—or a couple who would have been happy but for the airs which the lady seems to have given herself—were engaged to be married. The young person, poisoned, perhaps, by the literature of some anti-tobacco society, suddenly set her face against smoking, and declined to set it against that of the beloved object unless he renounced this pernicious habit. She would not marry him, she said, unless he gave up his pipe. Instead of replying like a wise man, "Then don't," or like a cunning one, "All right," with a mental reservation of doing as he pleased when the knot was tied, in a moment of weakness he submitted. The prohibition, however, proved intolerable, and in another moment of weakness he began to smoke again, taking such precautions doubtless as would occur to anybody to conceal the evidences of his crime. Unhappily, however, through circumstances over which he had no control (or hardly any) the lady found it out. "You have been smoking!" she exclaimed; "I smell it; I will bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against you." Which she actually did. As the Judge observed, if she had made her objection to smoking before the engagement commenced, there would have been something (though to my mind very little) in her contention; but that a young person after she has promised to marry you should indulge in all sorts of prohibitory "fads" and absurd conditions is a little too much even for a jury in a breach-of-promise case. "Edwin," this exacting Angelina might one day say, "I love you to distraction, as you know; but I have made up my mind to marry no one who is not fond of peppermint"; and on another, "Edwin, you are all in all to me; but if you would call me yours you must become a vegetarian." I confess the gentleman seems to me to have had a very fortunate escape. I daresay he is not aware, however, that he had a predecessor in fiction in the person of Mr. George Savage Fitz-Boodile. He, too, was engaged to be married to a young person who objected to tobacco; he, too, did his level best to give up Nicotina for her sake and failed; he, too, was detected by the olfactory nerves of his beloved object. The whole story, in short, of this Scotch couple (except their appearance in a law court) has been already told in the "Fitz-Boodile Papers."

Another case of plagiarism from literature has also occurred of late, but lies at the door not of Law but of Science. A poor woman was dying of starvation through her incapacity to take any nourishment. All the ordinary remedies and appliances had failed with her, when it suddenly struck her medical attendants that since digestible matter is emitted through the pores of the skin it might also be introduced that way. "A mixture of oil and grease was therefore composed and applied externally, whereupon the heat of the skin rapidly absorbed the nutriment and the patient showed signs of renewed vigour." It is all very well to ascribe this remedy to medical skill, but those who have read "No Thoroughfare," and remember what Joe Ladle took in "through the pores," will know that it is no novelty.

Those victims of the competitive examination at Sandhurst who were set a question that couldn't be answered are likely to be very popular martyrs. There is nothing so hateful to the youth of Britain as "exams.," even when the papers are capable of solution; and when they are not, the case seems hard indeed. It is not the first time, however, that young gentlemen have got into trouble from the same cause. I remember a certain cramming-school where time was of such importance to the elder pupils that they brought books with them even to their meals, and read until their turns came to be helped to the not very recherché viands; and where everybody else was, more or less, sacrificed to the Moloch of mathematics for their sakes. Misery so sharpened our wits that the ordinary school-books had no power to torment us; we procured cribs to all their problems. But the head-master had a manuscript book of his own, from which issued the most hateful questions: it cost infinite pains and trouble—besides involving us in the serious offence of burglary—to get the crib to that, but at last we effected it. The improvement in the work of the school became henceforth very marked, and gave great satisfaction to everybody; the master, our parents and guardians, and ourselves were all equally gratified. There was a little too much quickness, perhaps, consistent with prudence in producing our results, but their accuracy was unimpeachable. On one unhappy day, however, when every boy as usual had brought his sum to a correct conclusion, the pedagogue was suddenly seized with an insane desire to see it worked out on the board: he had no suspicion, or he would not have pitched upon the head of the class to exhibit his skill. This young gentleman had "fudged" the answer, to save himself trouble, like the rest; but he was now compelled to stoop to details, and they brought him to a different result. "There must be a mistake somewhere," observed the master, frowning: and we began to be very much afraid there was. The second boy tried it, and with only too great success: he made it the same as the first. Then the master himself tried it, and arrived at the same terminus. "The answer in my book," he said, in an awful voice, "is *wrong*; and yet you have all got that answer!" I refrain from saying what subsequently took place, because I respect the feelings of those who "like a story to end well"; and this incident had a very sad termination for us all.

THE COURT.

The Queen drove out on Saturday afternoon, July 28, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, arrived at Osborne in the afternoon. Her Majesty's dinner-party included the Empress Eugénie, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Marquis de Bassano, the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, and General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, G.C.B. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room. Her Majesty and the Royal family attended Divine service on Sunday morning, July 29. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated. The Queen went out on Monday morning, July 30, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited the Queen in the afternoon, and drove out with her Majesty. The Duchess of Buccleuch, on behalf of the Women of Great Britain and Ireland, presented to her Majesty a diamond and pearl necklace and earrings, as a token of love and sympathy, in remembrance of the Jubilee, June 21, 1887. Captain Fullerton, A.D.C., her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert, had the honour of dining with the Royal family in the evening.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Duke Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was present at the inspection of the 1st Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards (the Blues), and a battery of Horse Artillery by the Duke of Cambridge at Wormwood Scrubs on Saturday morning, July 28; the Princess and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were likewise present. On Sunday morning, July 29, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters were present at Divine service. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by the three Princesses, left Marlborough House on Monday afternoon, July 30, for Portsmouth, where they embarked on board the Royal yacht Osborne. Next morning the Prince arrived on a visit to the Queen at Cowes. On entering the roadstead the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which his Royal Highness is Commodore, and also H.M.S. Valorous, guard-ship, saluted. The various yachts dipped colours as the Osborne steamed to her moorings.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales arrived at Bristol on July 25, where he was most heartily welcomed, and unveiled the Jubilee statue of the Queen. He afterwards lunched with the Mayor, and distributed prizes to the Royal Naval Volunteers. On the 27th Prince Albert Victor was presented with the freedom of the city of York and a loyal address, which were contained in a golden casket. His Royal Highness subsequently opened a new lock at Naburn, on the river Ouse, the journey from York being made in a steam-boat.

July 24 was the anniversary of the birthday of the Duchess of Cambridge, who completed her ninety-first year. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, were early visitors to offer their congratulations to the venerable Duchess. The Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess), the Duke of Teck, and their sons and daughter, visited the Duchess at an early hour. During the day the Duchess's residence in the Ambassadors' Court was thronged with visitors. In the evening the Duchess of Cambridge received at dinner the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck), the Duke of Teck, Princess Victoria, and Princes Adolphus, Francis, and Alexander of Teck, Lady Geraldine Somerset, Hon. Mrs. Percy Mitford, General Greville, Colonel George FitzGeorge, Captain Adolphus FitzGeorge, Colonel Augustus FitzGeorge, the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, and Signor Tosti.

The Duchess of Teck, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria of Teck, attended at the High School for Girls at Richmond-green, on July 31, for the purpose of distributing the prizes.

Princess Louise, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, opened a Polytechnic Institute on July 25 in Ferndale-road, South Lambeth, which has been converted to its new use principally by the efforts of the Rev. Freeman Wills.

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Alix of Hesse arrived on July 30 at Queenborough from Flushing, and came to London by the boat-express. In the evening the Grand Duke witnessed the performance of "David Garrick" at the Criterion Theatre.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz have returned to Germany.

Prince Malcom Khan has left town for the Continent.

Inspector-General D. L. Morgan, C.B., has been appointed honorary physician to the Queen, in succession to the late Inspector-General Domville.

A new grammar school, erected at the cost of £10,000 from the Frances Ashton fund, was opened at Dunstable, on July 30, by Mr. Mundella, M.P.

Mr. O'Kelly, M.P. for North Roscommon, was arrested in the City on July 25 on a warrant charging him with an offence under the Crimes Act, and was removed to Ireland for examination.

Twelve students of the London School of Medicine for Women presented themselves recently for the first and second examinations of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh, and all passed. Miss Waterston, M.D., formerly a student of the same school, has passed the examinations of the Psychological Society for a certificate in mental diseases, and is the first lady who has done this.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Alexander Pope was celebrated on July 30 at Twickenham, in the presence of a large gathering of spectators. The proceedings began with a water pageant, which started from Pope's Villa, and rowed past Eel-Pie Island to Orleans House, representing the costumes and manners of Pope's time. Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., the present tenant of Pope's Villa, threw open the house and grounds, and many persons took advantage of the opportunity to visit the place. The grounds were illuminated, as were the principal streets and the embankment. A museum containing many relics of Pope was opened next day at the Townhall. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff occupied the chair; and an address on the life, character, and works of the poet was given by Professor Henry Morley.

The preachers in Westminster Abbey for August will be as follows:—Sunday, 5th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Bishop of Colorado, U.S.A. (Dr. Spalding); at three p.m., in choir, Dr. Westcott, Canon in Residence. Sunday, 12th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Bishop of North Dakota, U.S.A.; at three p.m., in choir, Dr. Westcott, Canon in Residence. Sunday, 19th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Bishop of Springfield, U.S.A. (Dr. Seymour); at three p.m., in choir, Dr. Westcott, Canon in Residence. Sunday, 26th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Bishop of Minnesota (Dr. Whipple); at three p.m., in choir, Dr. Westcott, Canon in Residence.—Dr. Westcott proposes to continue his short lectures in the Abbey on the Saturdays in August, after the close of the afternoon service, on "The Confessions of Christ in the Gospel of St. John."

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The two opposed fleets of the Royal Navy engaged in a series of conflicting manœuvres around the west and north coasts of Ireland are the A Fleet, under command of Admiral Baird, with a division to the northward under Admiral Rowley, operating for the defence of Great Britain, the one from Milford Haven, the other from Lamlash Bay, Isle of Arran, off the mouth of the Firth of Clyde; and the B Fleet, commanded by Admiral Sir George Tryon, at Berehaven, Bantry Bay, with a division under Admiral Fitzroy at Lough Swilly, on the shores of Donegal. War having been declared, each commander has begun his endeavours, without inflicting any real damage, to capture vessels or forts belonging to his supposed enemy, including coastguard stations on the Irish coast which have surrendered to H.M.S. Northumberland; and the hostile fleets at Berehaven and Lough Swilly have been closely blockaded by the powerful ironclad ships of Admirals Baird and Rowley; while the fast cruisers and torpedo-boats attached to each fleet have been actively employed in trying to draw off the attention of their opponents, or to intercept their communications and to disturb them in their positions. But the general plan of these manœuvres is too complex for easy description until they shall have arrived at some combat between the main forces employed on each side. Our Special Artists, who accompanied the fleet of Sir George Tryon from Portland to Bantry Bay, send us a number of Sketches—one being an illustration of the trying of the electric light on that voyage; another, that of rigging out the network guards, humorously called "crinoline," around the hulls of the ships lying at anchor, for their protection against torpedoes. The latter operation took place at Berehaven on July 21, when the flag-ship made the signal, "Out torpedo-boats, prepare defences against torpedo attack." The Ajax, Warspite, and Hero are the only ships of the B Fleet that carry torpedo-boats, and these are second-class ones; but all the ironclads and the Volage have torpedo-nets. The Iris has the necessary fittings, but has not been supplied with either booms or nets. The Ajax took about an hour to get her crinoline into proper order; but this time would probably be shortened by half were she fitted with steel instead of timber booms. It is remarkable that while steel

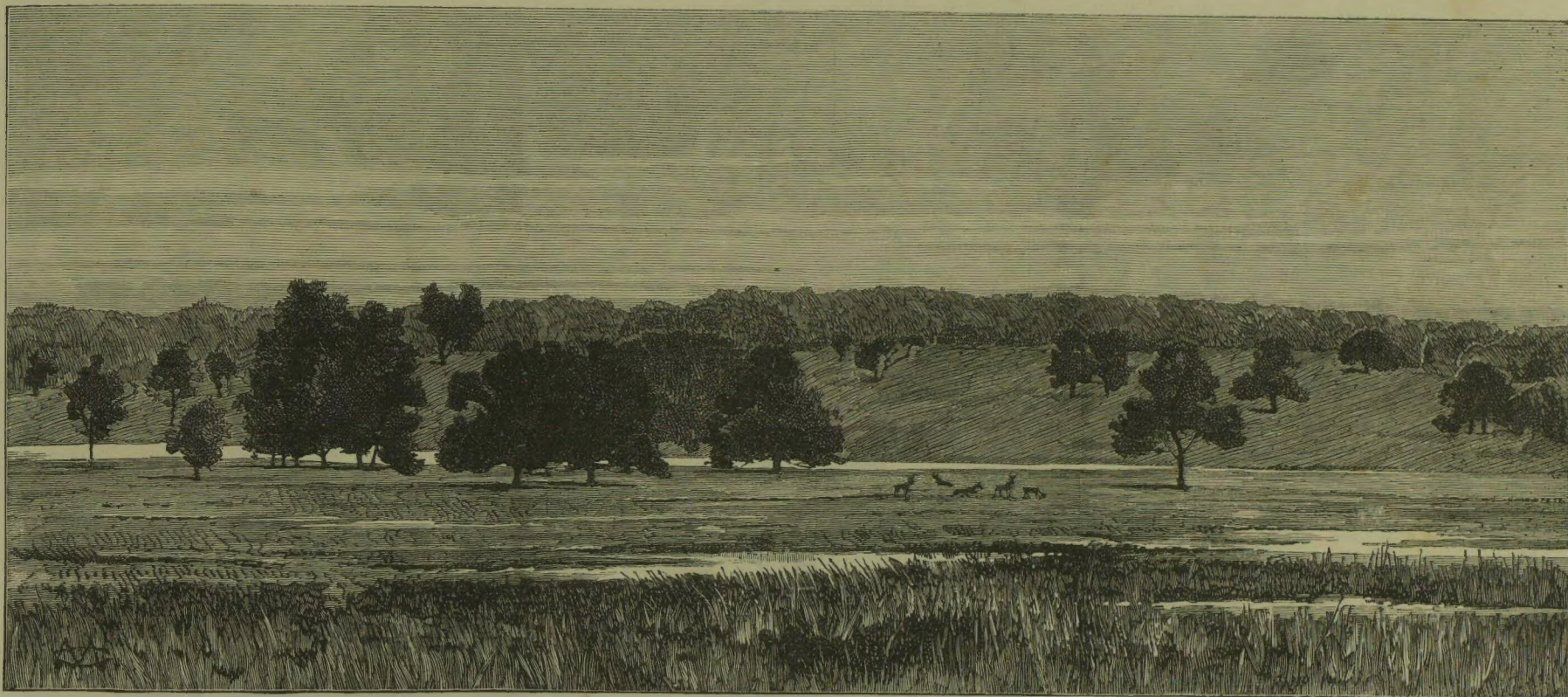
has been substituted for wood in the case of nearly every spar on board a ship, torpedo-net booms, where, above all things, lightness, portability, and strength are required, should continue to be made of timber. The steam winches with which the ships are supplied made short work of hoisting out the torpedo-boats, a job that without them would have required the services of every available able member of the ship's company and have taken three or four times as long.

The various methods of signalling practised in the fleet require some explanation. Our page of Illustrations shows the different means employed at sea, some of which are used in the mercantile marine as well as in the Royal Navy, to transmit messages from one vessel to others. Signalling by flags is done at ordinary times, where no private cipher is wanted to conceal the meaning of the message, in accordance with an international code, which has been adopted by all the maritime Powers, and which is used by signal-stations on the British coasts, as well as by all ships of war and merchant-ships. The signal-flags are of three shapes: the square flag; the pendant or pennon, a narrow-pointed triangular flag; and the burgee, with an indented or notched outer side, displaying two triangular points. Each flag, by its colour, or by a pattern of combined colours, blue, red, white, and yellow, denotes a letter of the alphabet; but certain combinations of flags are understood to mean phrases of several words: "What ship is that?" "Where are you from?" "Where are you bound to?" "In distress, want assistance." "Engine broken down." "Send a boat." "Can you tow me?" "Can I have a tug?" "I want a pilot." "Short of provisions;" and many of the orders and reports of information peculiar to the naval service; besides the points of the compass, the names of ports, the names of ships of war, and the names of merchant-ships. Not more than four flags are hoisted on one mast or spar, and placing either the burgee, the pendant, or the square flag uppermost indicates the nature of the signal—for instance, geographical, or reporting some danger or distress, or an ordinary inquiry, or the direction of the ship's course. But as the colours of flags cannot be distinguished at a distance, or in hazy atmosphere, while their position and shape may still be discerned, there is a method of using square flags and pendants combined with balls hung above or below them on the mast,

to represent various important communications. When a ship hoists a number of signals on different masts and yards, to tell a long story, it must be read by taking them in a certain order, the signal at the main-truck first, then the fore-truck, the mizen-truck, the peak, the starboard main-topsail yard-arm, and so on. The semaphore, which exhibits signals perceptible and intelligible at a still greater distance, is a post, set up at the bulwarks on deck, with arms to be raised or lowered, or to be set pointing up or down at different angles, by which the letters of the alphabet, or numbers, or messages conventionally understood, are indicated where flags could not be distinctly visible.

Morse signalling is, of course, done with the Morse alphabet, so commonly used for electric telegraph messages on shore. This alphabet is entirely composed of combinations of long dashes and short dashes, the short dashes being only square dots. In applying it to signals made at a distance, whether by flashes of a lamp, or of an electric light, or of reflected sunshine in the heliograph, or of a flag or any other visible object, it is only needful to exhibit the single light or the single flag intermittently, during longer and shorter precise spaces of time, which are interpreted as long or short dashes in the Morse alphabet. A short dash followed by a long dash signifies the letter A; a long dash followed by three short ones is B; and so with all the other letters. There is a sign for a full stop at the end of a sentence. In our Artist's Sketches on board ship, one man is using a hand-flag, which he raises and lowers at the officer's bidding, to speak a message in Morse; another man, at night, similarly carries on a Morse conversation with a hand-lamp; in a third instance, when the electric light is displayed at the masthead, its alternate exhibition and eclipse, for the moment, are regulated by the man below, and it speaks very good Morse. Besides the ordinary Morse alphabet, the Royal Navy has "Colomb's flashing signals," by which orders are communicated, at night, from the Admiral's flag-ship to each division or squadron and every ship of a sailing fleet. The powerful apparatus for signalling with the beam of electric light, which sweeps over a vast area of the sea, and which also serves to discover every vessel within its range, is shown in another Illustration.

In foggy weather at sea, by day or night, every steam-ship



PROPOSED SITE IN RICHMOND PARK FOR THE FIRING POINTS OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

under weigh is bound to sound a steam-whistle, and every sailing ship a fog-horn, which ought to be done every five minutes, under the Board of Trade regulations. The "steam siren," the most powerful kind of whistle, needs no particular comment, for we are all familiar with that of a railway locomotive engine.

The *Times*' correspondent with the fleet in Bantry Bay remarks that "there is no branch of the naval service more important, no department from the failure of which greater calamity might result in the hour of need, than that of the signals, and yet in the *Hercules*, our flag-ship, there are only five men who can take in signals made on the elementary Morse system, and the other ships are no better off. As to the efficiency of the present system of signalling I shall have more to say by-and-by; but that we ought to have a more numerous staff trained to carry it out there cannot be two opinions. When I say that in the *Hercules* there are only five men able to read the Morse, I refer to the signal staff proper, for there are probably more than that number among the marines, and it would seem a desirable innovation that they should be employed as signalmen." The signalling from the coastguard stations is so good that more than 400 signals have been received by the fleet at Berehaven, without any mistake or ambiguity.

RICHMOND PARK AND RIFLE MEETING.

The debate in the House of Lords, on July 27, concerning the proposal of the Council of the National Rifle Association to hold its future annual meetings and shootings in Richmond Park, has revived a controversy which is of great importance to the inhabitants of that town and neighbourhood, and to many Londoners who enjoy the use of that beautiful demesne as a place of recreation. The objections to this proposal, and the absence of any necessity for its adoption, since many sites equally suitable for rifle-ranges can be found within a short distance of London, seem to be quite evident; and we trust that the strong disapproval of it expressed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who is President of the National Rifle Association, as well as Ranger of Richmond Park, also by the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Meath, the Earl of Feversham, and other Peers, with the unanimous feeling of the influential residents at Richmond, will induce her Majesty's Government to give it a decided negative. One of our Artists has made a Sketch of the ground where it is proposed to place the firing-points, which is in the present deer-paddock, a portion of Richmond Park not hitherto open to the public, fronting Spanker's Hill and the Isabella Plantation. Those apparent woods, seen in the background of our View, are mere circular fringes of trees with wide open spaces inside; they do not afford the protection which they appear to give. Bullets may pass through them, or, more dangerous still, may glance from the trees at an angle, thus greatly widening the dangerous zone behind the ranges. The ground rises not more than 42 ft. behind the 1100 yards range; the line of fire is clear for about 3500 yards, dropping at about 4000 yards (which is about the range of the new rifles) by a sudden descent to the inhabited district of Ham and the valley of the Thames. Ricochets or bullets glancing from the trees dotted along this plateau will carry danger beyond the immediate zone. The nearest part of the town of Richmond lies about a mile and a half to the right of the line of fire; but the distance to Kingston Vale is considerably less. Within a few yards of the ranges, and running nearly parallel to them, is the main road from London through Kingston to Portsmouth, generally full of traffic, and with villas and houses dotted along its sides. These remarks, which can be verified by reference to the map of the district, with the consideration of the rapid extension of dwelling-houses in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Kingston, should be admitted as proving that the public safety is

concerned in the question. The deprivation of quiet people—ordinary visitors to the park in summer—of their enjoyment of its pleasant scenery during a whole fortnight in July would also be felt as a serious grievance. The ground to be devoted to the rifle-ranges would have to be despoiled of trees. As a matter of fact, there are at the present moment no less than seventy-five oak, elm, and ash trees, and fourteen thorns marked for felling, besides hedges and bushes marked for removal from the park, to clear the enclosures for the rifle-ranges demanded by the National Rifle Association. Most of the oaks are of centuries' growth, and may not be of any value commercially; but their value for ornament is far beyond their worth for timber. We earnestly hope that this rash and barbarous scheme will not be carried into execution.

The libel action brought by Mr. O'Brien, M.P., against the *Cork Constitution* was concluded on July 30, when the jury found for the plaintiff, damages, £100.—On the same day the Mayor of Sligo, Mr. P. A. McHugh, was sentenced by Messrs. Turner and Henn, Resident Magistrates, to four months' imprisonment, on a charge of having published intimidating notices in his newspaper, the *Sligo Champion*. Notice of appeal was given.

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JANUARY TO JUNE, 1888.

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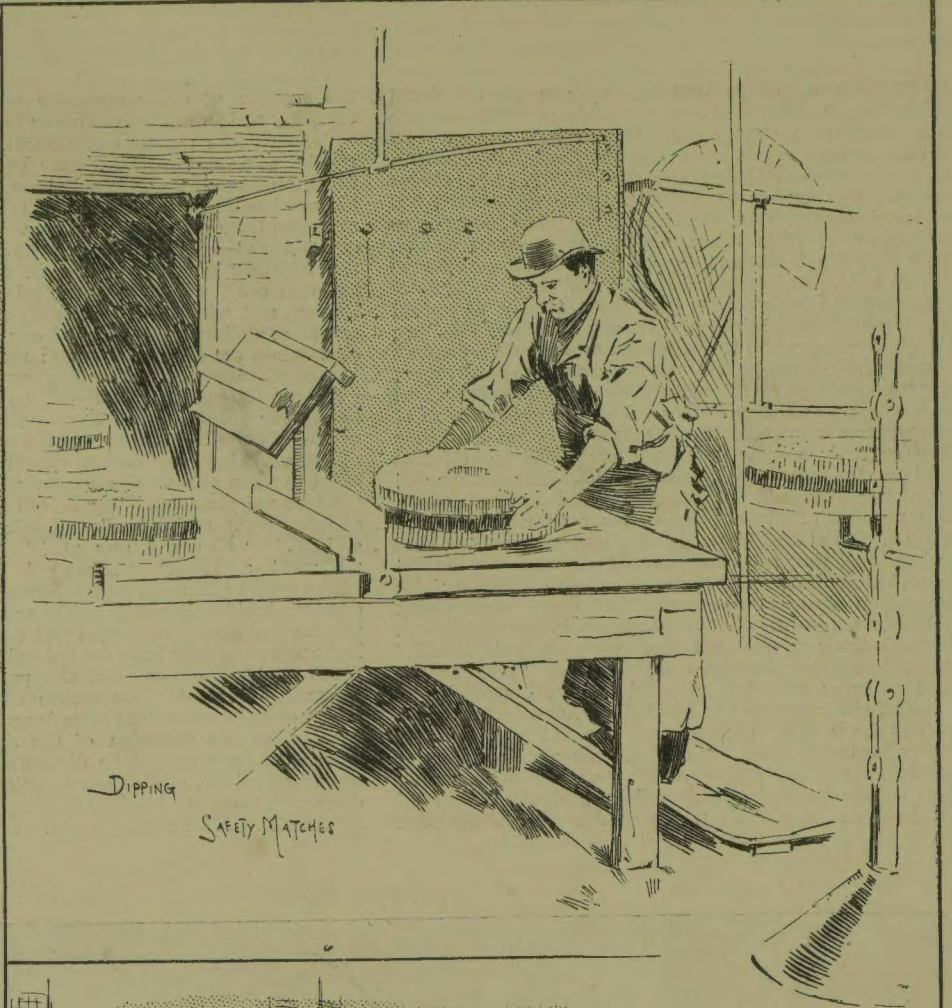
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THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS: THE REVIEW AT KRASNOE SELO, NEAR ST. PETERSBURG.

MESSRS. BRYANT AND MAY'S MATCH FACTORY.

The strike by which, on July 14, about one thousand girls and others, at the four large factories of matches belonging to Messrs. Bryant and May (limited liability company) at the Fairfield Works, Bow, and elsewhere, were thrown out of employment, came to an end in three or four days by an amicable settlement. This was assisted by a deputation from the executive of the London Trades' Council, which had accompanied a deputation of the girls or young women to confer with Messrs. F. and T. Bryant and other managers or directors of the company. The deputation consisted of Messrs. B. Cooper, Cigar-Makers' Society; E. Coulson, Operative Bricklayers; C. Drummond, secretary of the London Society of Compositors; W. Steadman, Bargebuilders; George Ship-ton, Decorators and Painters; and T. J. Davis, Philanthropic Coopers. There were eight young women, representing the four factories—viz., two from Victoria, two from the centre factory, two from the wax vesta factory, and two from the safety-match factory. The deputation had been courteously received by the directors, who showed a disposition to meet them on fair terms, and made a series of concessions with the view of bettering the condition of the girls. It would seem that the girls employed in making ordinary matches are divided into three classes—the fillers, the cutters-down, and the packers. The fillers place the strips of wood in the coil. This apparatus has replaced the frame,

because it holds many more matches, and can be filled faster. After the matches have been placed in the coil, they go through the various processes of dipping and drying. They are then removed from the coils by the rackers-out, and the cutters-down take them, cut them in two, and place them in the boxes. The packers next wrap the boxes in paper, and pack into dozens and larger parcels. When the old "frames" were used the girls carried them to their bench, emptied them, cut the matches in half, and filled the boxes for 3d. per three gross. The directors put 2½d. of this down for cutting the matches and filling the boxes and 3d. for the carrying and emptying of the frames. Since the "coils" have replaced the "frames," the girl carries the "coil" to a machine which empties out the matches, waits while the matches are being emptied out, carries the matches to her bench, and cuts them in half and fills the boxes as before. For all this she received 2½d. per three gross. The directors regard this as an increase of wage, comparing it with the 2½d. mentioned above; but the girls said that, owing to the time spent in carrying and in waiting for their turn to have their "coils" emptied, they could not earn as much money as when they used the "frames" and emptied them for themselves. They therefore asked for 3d. instead of 2½d. per three gross—i.e., for the "penny in the shilling." The directors replied, in the conference during the strike, that if the girls preferred working at the old price of 3d. and providing their own rackers-out, there would be no objection to their doing so. The principal spokeswoman of the girls'

deputation said she decidedly preferred the present plan and should recommend it to the other girls, and asked that the rackers-out should be paid by the piece instead of by the day as now. To this the directors agreed, and we understand that the girls have decided to continue the system. This spokeswoman stated that when in full work she could earn 3s. 9d. per day; but there are practical hindrances to working at this rate, and it is estimated by Mr. Frederick Bryant that a good hand in full work can only earn 2s. 3d. per day. The average rate of wages is 11s. 2d. per week, as shown by a careful examination of two periods, each of thirteen weeks, in last year. The directors further say that there are not six girls at present working the new machines who ever worked the old machines, and that steadily-working girls can earn, and do earn, more money on the new machines than their predecessors earned on the old. Several minor grievances, relating to fines for disobeying orders, or for destroying property, and to charges for brushes, paint, and stamps, have been willingly removed by the directors. It has also been arranged that the "packers" may fetch their own paper, if they choose, instead of having three-pence weekly deducted from their wages to pay children for doing so. The directors have further undertaken to provide a room in which the girls may eat their meals.

Although Dr. Liddon is the Canon in residence at St. Paul's for August, he will not, as has been announced, preach on the Sunday afternoons, some of the Colonial Bishops having accepted invitations to occupy the pulpit.



PONY AND DONKEY SHOW AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, WHITECHAPEL.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

A Parliamentary return shows that in the year ended June 30 last, Civil List pensions were granted to the amount of £1200. The following is the list:—

Mrs. Mary L. Neild, in consideration of the death of her husband, Major Neild, R.M., from the effects of a wound received while on duty at Charleston, £100.

Miss Frances, Miss Blanche, and Miss Amy Tulloch, in consideration of the distinguished services of their late father, Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrew's University, in connection with theology, philosophy, and literature, £25 each.

Mrs. Jessie Jefferies, in consideration of the literary attainments of her late husband, Mr. Richard Jefferies, £100.

Sir John Steell, in consideration of his merits as a sculptor, £100.

Mrs. Mary Hutchinson, in consideration of the services of her late husband, Mr. Thomas J. Hutchinson, M.D., of her Majesty's Consular Service—in this case there is no mention of destitute condition—£20.

Miss Mary, Miss Rose Jane, and Miss Amy Leech, in consideration of the eminence of their brother, the late Mr. John Leech, as an artist, £10 each.

Mrs. Kate Pinkett, in recognition of the services of her late husband as Crown Solicitor, Chief Justice, and Acting Governor of Sierra Leone, £50.

Mrs. Isabella Sarah McClatchie, in consideration of the long and valuable services of her late brother, Sir Henry Parkes, £75.

The Rev. F. O. Morris, in recognition of his merits as a naturalist, £100.

Miss Constance Frederica Gordon Cumming, in consideration of her merits as an author, £50.

Mrs. Eugenia Moira, in recognition of the eminence of her late husband as a miniature painter, £25.

Mrs. Ceiriog Hughes, in recognition of the merits of her late husband, Mr. J. C. Hughes, as a Welsh poet, £50.

Miss Laura Liebe Barnes, in consideration of the merits of her late father, the Rev. W. Barnes, as an author and linguist, £50.

Mrs. Spencer Baynes, in consideration of the eminence of her late husband, Professor T. S. Baynes, as an author and scholar, £75.

Mr. William Kitchen Parker, F.R.S., in recognition of his services to science as an investigator, £100.

Mrs. Barbara Seldon, in consideration of the services of her late husband, Mr. Samuel Seldon, Principal of the Statistical Department of her Majesty's Customs, £100.

Mrs. Balfour Stewart, in recognition of the services rendered to science by her late husband, Professor Balfour Stewart, £50.

Mr. John Bell, in recognition of his merits as a sculptor, £50.

Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's annual soirée took place on July 25 at the Prince's Hall; Miss Florence Menk-Meyer gave a concert at the Marlborough Rooms on July 26; and Mlle. Cornélie D'Anka's benefit-concert was given at Prince's Hall on July 28.

The opening meeting of the annual gathering of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers was held in Dublin on July 31, in Examination Hall, Trinity College. There was a very large attendance. The Earl of Rosse, the president of the Reception Committee, extended a hearty welcome to the members. Mr. Carbutt, the president of the institution, gave the opening address, dealing with the statistics of Ireland—as regards population, industries, and wealth—as compared with those of England and Scotland. On the motion of the Earl of Rosse, seconded by the Rev. Dr. Houghton, a vote of thanks was passed to the president. Papers were read by Lord Rosse on an improved sluice weir; and by Sir Howard Grubb on new clock-driving apparatus for astronomical telescopes. The members of the institution were afterwards taken on an excursion round Dublin Bay, for the inspection of lighthouse apparatus and dredging operations.

PONY AND DONKEY SHOW.

The annual show of donkeys and ponies belonging to costermongers and other street-traders was opened on July 23, in the grounds of the People's Palace, Mile-End. This show originated with the late Earl of Shaftesbury, who was presented with a prize animal by the costermongers, in recognition of his sympathy for their class. The show was first held in some ground near the Goswell-road, but has been transferred to the East-End. Mr. W. J. Orsman, of the Costers' Hall, Hoxton, and Mr. H. Boulton have been active in getting up the show, with the cordial co-operation of the Beaumont Trustees, Sir Edmund Currie at their head, and the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Last year there were 190 entries; the number of exhibits this year was 217, the classes—ponies and donkeys—being about equally divided. No prizes were awarded, but certificates were given to the owners of all animals which, in the opinion of the judges, showed evidences of good grooming, careful attention, and being in sound condition for work. The object of the promoters is not so much to encourage the breeding of prize animals as to put a premium upon their kind treatment. In addition to these certificates, all those adjudged worthy to receive them obtain 7s. 6d. per day, subsistence money, while the show remains open, in compensation for any loss of trade. The animals, on the whole, were a good-looking lot, and the show attracted several thousand visitors, who were especially interested in the march-past. The certificates were presented next day by the Countess of Aberdeen. Our sketches show a few incidents of this amusing exhibition, with two or three of the best animals; the pony mare Jenny and her foal, the noble donkey Ormonde, and Little Jem, aged two years and a half. One donkey was thirty years old; another was registered as ninety-nine, and priced at £100, but that must be a joke. It is certainly profitable, as well as commendable, to bestow sufficient care on the donkey, which may for some purposes be more serviceable than the horse.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is one of the penalties of greatness that, at some time or other, a sense of disappointment should steal upon us to destroy the charms of illusion. It cannot be denied that Sara Bernhardt is not the actress she was. It is not that she has merely lost the grace, the movement, and the willowy elegance of a young woman; it is not merely that the golden tones in her voice have become blurred by incessant travelling and overwork. That the actress is more matronly and less pliable most people will admit. But the actress is not responsible for these things. She alone is not able to stop the hands on Time's dial. But she is a different actress in another respect. Her method is less artistic; and these long tours, this incessant starring, these desperate journeys here, there, and everywhere, have had the usual result. They have induced a careless and indifferent tone—a scrambling, hurried method of delivery, and evident signs of weariness that are much to be deplored. Even in her best days, at the Théâtre Français, refinement was not one of Sara Bernhardt's strong points. She was ever inclined to emphasise the shrewish part of a woman's temperament; but the discipline and surroundings of the Comédie-Française held her in some sort of bondage. Left to herself, alone and uninfluenced, she is more inclined than ever to forget the refinement and dignity that are amongst the essentials of her art. It was noticed, in the second act of "La Tosca," the other day, that Sara Bernhardt adopted an unnecessarily familiar tone, suggesting that the presence of so very ill-bred a person was wholly out of place in a Queen's presence. For this there was no authority in the play. The Tosca was not supposed to be a bad specimen of a public singer, and it is certain that if

she did not know how to behave she would not be admitted to the salon of so highly-bred a lady as the Queen of Naples. But, on further study of the art of the actress, it will be observed that the reading of this act—which might have been put down merely as a mistaken one—is, in reality, part and parcel of the new and vulgarised method deliberately adopted by the actress.

"Francillon," by Alexandre Dumas—clever, cynical, and epigrammatic as the book may be—is, unquestionably, a vulgar piece of art-work. The author of this extraordinary work shows considerable tact, but no taste whatever. The subject is one which no gentleman or well-bred man would discuss in a mixed assembly, and is therefore, we hold, unfit for discussion on the public stage. The nineteenth century is, no doubt, ripe in social surprises; but are we really to take M. Alexandre Dumas at his word? Zola the realist has told us how peasants talk and what French middle-class people do. He has taken us behind the scenes of the theatre, into the boudoirs of the half-world, into the sitting-rooms of the milliner and artisan, and has considered he was doing society a service by photographing for our edification all that was deplorable and nasty in life. Zola poses as a truthful historian, and we are bound to believe him. But is Dumas the realist equally to be believed when, from the stage, he photographs the vices of the upper classes of French society? It is not only that he tells us that the aristocracy of modern France is abnormally vicious—that may or may not be—but he declares, without hesitation, that the gentlemen of France are wanting in respect for the women of their own set, and that the women have ceased to care to be treated with ordinary respect. If this is not so, how does a dramatist dare

to give us scenes where subjects are discussed before women which jeopardise their self-respect? And how does he dare, in the guise of philosophy, to approach a thesis as unnecessary as it is coarse and suggestive? France must, indeed, have altered for the worst if the cynicism of its first gentlemen has made them brutal, and if the carelessness of its best-bred women has made them indifferent to womanly modesty! "Francillon" may be art, but it is a very vulgar form of art; and the acting in it of Sara Bernhardt does not make it any the more palatable. It may be true that such conversations take place in the presence of women as are recorded in the first act of "Francillon," by Alexandre Dumas. This may be an accurate, though satirical, picture of modern French life; but surely it is unnecessary to make the heroine, Francillon, even more vulgar than she is represented to be by the author. The whole point of the story, revolting and unnecessary as it is, seems lost when Francillon acts at the outset with a defiant disregard of modesty and good-taste. If Francillon shows no sign whatever of refinement or nobility of temperament, if her love be not pure and spotless, of what value is the homily of Alexandre Dumas? But the subject is scarcely worth discussing. The play, heralded forth and trumpeted abroad as a work of genius, fell flat in this country from the outset. It afforded pleasure to nobody; and, luckily, good acting was not found as an excuse to bolster up a wholly unrefined and essentially vulgar play. The man or woman who introduces certain forbidden subjects into general conversation—such, for instance, as religion, or certain details of social ethics—is held to be a vulgarian. He does what no man of taste or breeding would dream of doing. So M. Alexandre Dumas, by the English code of social rule, must be held to be guilty



THE RACE FOR THE ECLIPSE STAKES AT SANDOWN: A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE CHAIR.

of very bad taste when he allows such a subject as that contained in Francillon to be discussed on the stage. And what are we to think of the audiences that encourage such discussions? Happily, in England, they did exactly what would be done in the best society; they turned their backs on the author who had made, in their estimate, a grave social blunder.

It is not easy to see on what ground Mr. Henry Irving, or Mr. Richard Mansfield, or any of his advisers, can be held to be guilty of any breach of good-feeling or comradeship when they collectively, or individually, decided to be first in the field with the authorised version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Unquestionably, Mr. Bandmann made a bold attempt to forestall Mr. Mansfield in the production of a play taken from Louis Stevenson's story. Mr. Bandmann knew that Mr. Mansfield had made success and reputation with a Jekyll and Hyde play; he knew that Mr. Mansfield's version had received the authority of the author; he knew that Mr. Mansfield had taken the Lyceum, and had brought over an American company to open early in September; he knew that his version would in all probability never have appeared had not Mr. Mansfield succeeded;—and, knowing all these things, he elected to take the Opéra Comique in order to forestall Mr. Mansfield. In all this, Mr. Bandmann was perfectly within his rights. It is an age of competition; and the best man wins. If the public like Mr. Bandmann and his play better than Mr. Mansfield and his play, they will assuredly say so. But, on the other hand, Mr. Mansfield is equally within his rights when he endeavours to stop Mr. Bandmann's performance at all costs and at all hazards until he has produced his own play. It was a sharp bit of business to take the Opéra Comique whilst it was empty, but no sharper than Mr. Bandmann in taking it at all. And if the Opéra Comique was taken in order to stop the Bandmann performance prior to Aug. 6, what a farce it would have been to permit rehearsals or anything else in connection with the Bandmann play! It was sharp practice all round; but Mr. Bandmann has won, that is all. There is no sentiment in the matter that need be advanced. What would Mr. Bandmann expect under the circumstances? Great interest is taken in the play and the performers, who will be seen on Saturday night, Aug. 4, at the Lyceum.

SANDOWN RACES: THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

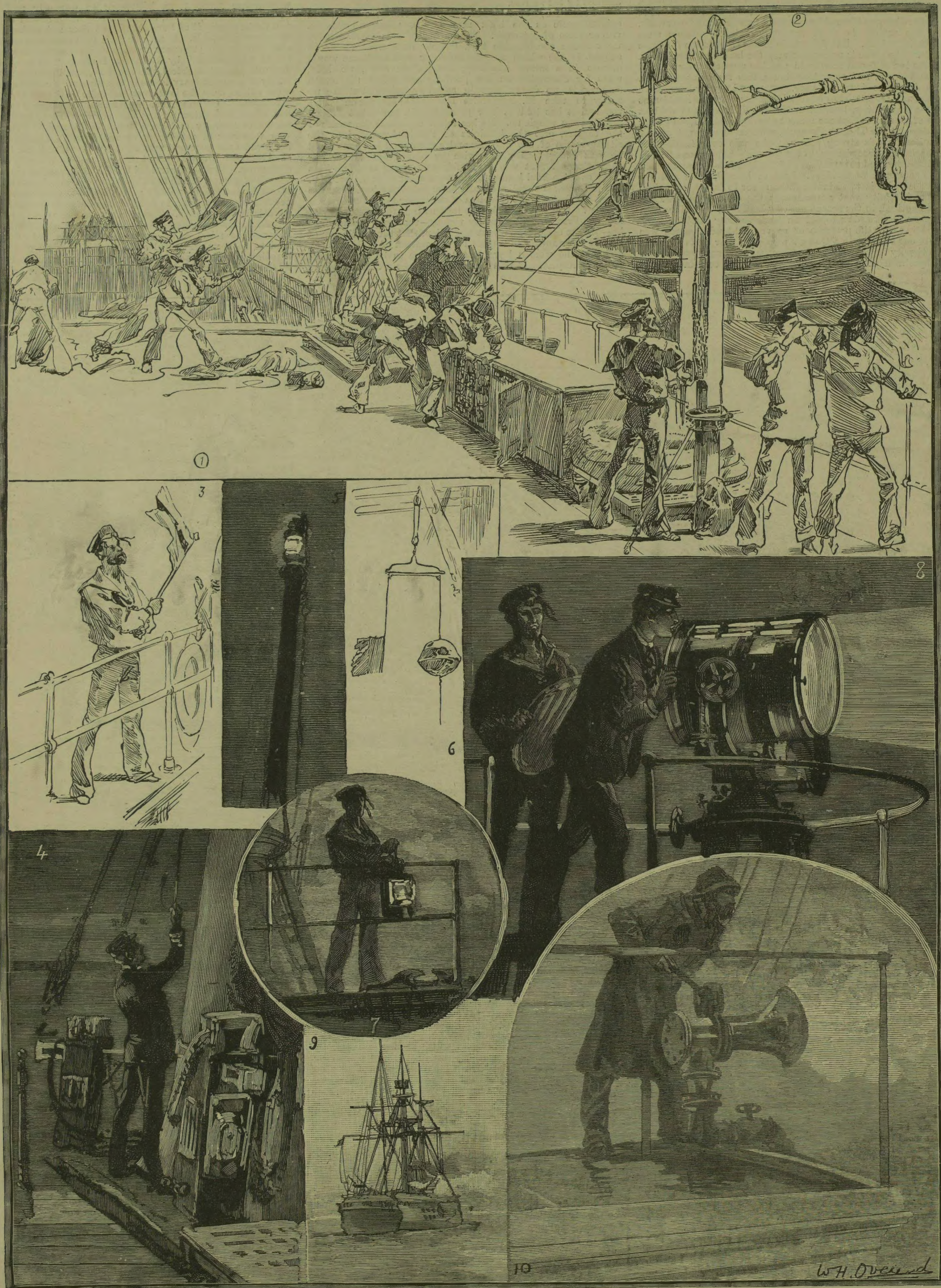
The Sandown Park summer races this year were unfortunately not favoured by fine weather; but on Friday, July 27, when the running for the Eclipse Stakes of £10,000 took place the second time since it was instituted, the rain held off till the proceedings of the day were finished. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Christian, and two young Princesses, were among the spectators, with some of the nobility, and members of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs. The great race was run by thirteen horses; the winner was the Duke of Westminster's Orbit, three years old, by Bend Or—Fair Alice, carrying 8 st. 12 lb., and ridden by T. Cannon. The second horse in, which took a prize of £500 apart from the stakes, belongs also to the Duke of Westminster; being Ossory, three years old, weighted at 9 st. 11 lb., and ridden by T. Cannon, junior. There was only a length between these two at the finish; while Mr. F. Douglas's Martley, which took the third place, and Lord Ellesmere's Estafette, were very close up. We give an illustration of this well-contested race.

The portrait of the late Mr. Clarence Stewart Lindeay is from a photograph by Mr. Paul Stabler, of Sunderland; and that of the late Rev. Charles Rhind, from one by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of South Kensington.

We have received from Mr. Edmund Lionel Wells Dymoke, of Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, son of Mr. Dymoke Wells, of Grebby Hall, Lincoln, a copy of the pedigree of his family descent from Robert, first Baron Marmion, who died in 1142. Mr. Dymoke Wells claimed to be heir-general to the Baronies of Marmion and Kyle, and Hereditary Champion of England, being descended from Sir Edward Dymoke, who was Champion to Charles II., and who devised the Grebby estate to his second son, Edward; but, on the death of Robert Dymoke, of Lincoln, in 1735, there was no male successor, and the Grebby inheritance passed in the female line to the children of the Rev. Thomas Wells, who had married Robert Dymoke's sister. Mr. Henry Lionel Dymoke, of Scrivelsby, is descended from John Dymoke, who was the fourth son of Sir Edward Dymoke above mentioned.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

The visit of the German Emperor William II. to the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, with his sojourn of three days at Peterhof, the Russian Imperial palace on the shore of the Gulf of Finland, was described in our last. We now give an illustration of the grand review of Russian troops, on July 23, in the permanent camp at Krasnoe Selo, near the Tsarskoe Selo palace, a short distance from St. Petersburg. It consisted of some cavalry evolutions and a sham fight. In all there were fifty-two squadrons, including one heavy cavalry division (sixteen squadrons), two Cossack regiments of the Guard (eight squadrons), one light cavalry division (twenty-four squadrons), one mixed regiment of cadets of the Nicholas cavalry school and of officers of the cavalry school, one squadron of Kuban and one of Ural Cossacks. The Imperial party came on the ground in the usual order, the two Emperors on horseback, followed by the Empress in her carriage. After the inspection of the line, a series of exercises was performed, during which the German Emperor took command of his Viborg regiment of foot, posted on the border of the review ground, and gave his orders in Russian. His Majesty appears to speak that language fairly well. Then the whole of the cavalry in line of squadrons dismounted, and advanced as infantry. A sham fight began as soon as the Imperial party had repaired to the tents, which were surrounded by some invited German naval officers. A squadron of the Kuban Cossacks and cadets first advanced across the plain in open order towards the Kavelakht heights, firing their rifles at an imaginary enemy. They soon retired in the same order, still firing, to make room for the reserve Guard and Cossacks in close order, who took up the attack, and dashed forward with loud yells and whoops. The artillery was then brought into play, as the Cossacks again retired, twirling their long lances above their heads in sign of contempt and defiance. Finally the whole of the heavy cavalry were hurled at the enemy, on all sides, and he was held to have been vanquished. The Grand Duke Nicholas commanded and arranged the spectacle. After the ceremonial march past, which concluded the performance, the Imperial party lunched in the palace, and returned to Peterhof by train.



1. Signalling by Flags.
6. Helm Signal.

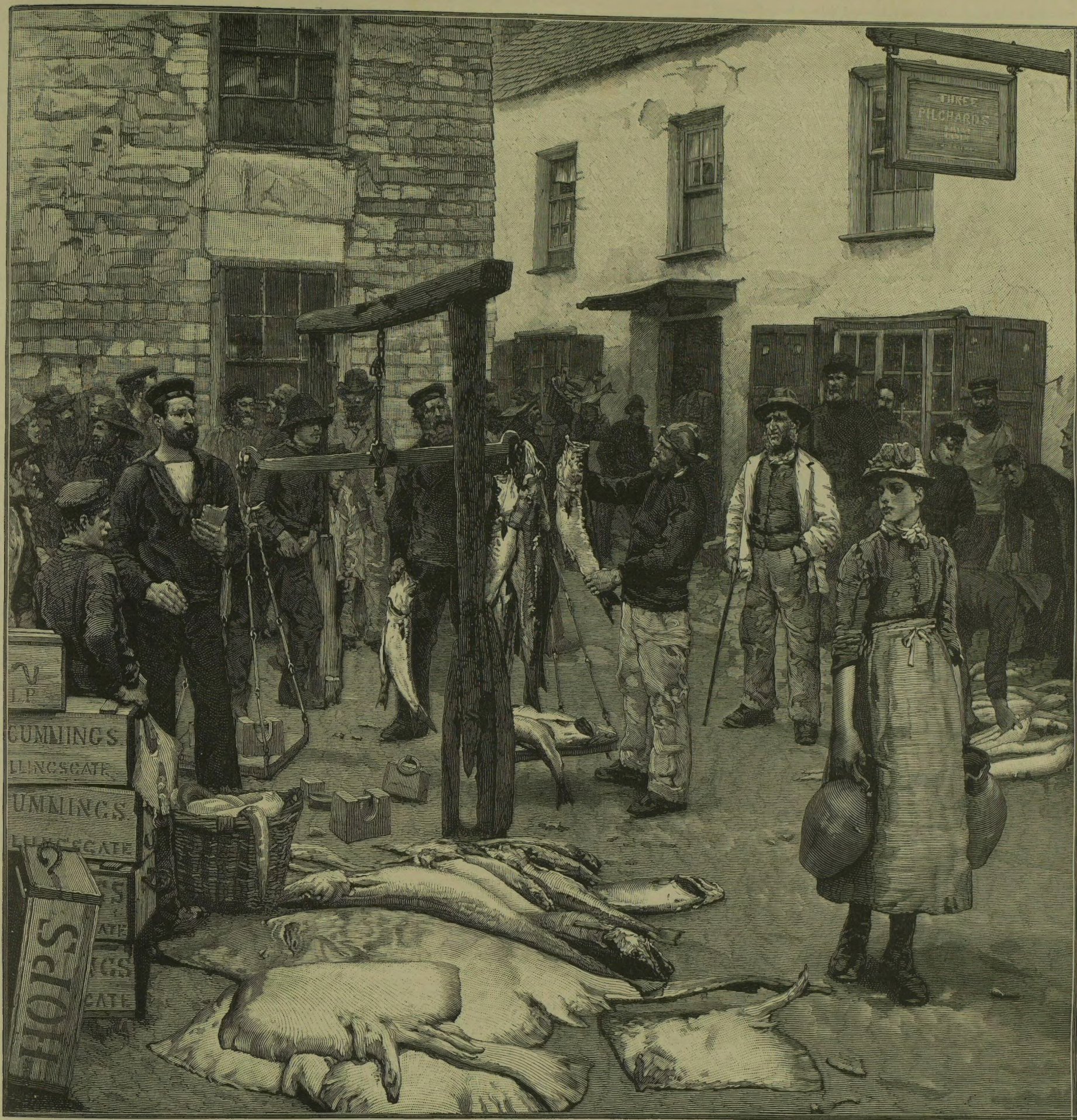
2. Signalling by Semaphore.
7. Morse Signalling with Hand-Lamp.

3. Morse Signalling by Hand-Flag.
8. Signalling with Electric Beam.

4. and 5. Morse Signalling with Electric Lamp at the Masthead.
9. and 10. Steam Siren Fog Signal.

METHODS OF SIGNALLING IN USE IN THE FLEET.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



FISH SALE AT POLPERRO, CORNWALL.

FROM THE PICTURE BY MR. W. M. LOUDAN, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

LEGAL BUSINESS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The report of the Committee appointed by the Treasury to inquire into the system of conducting the legal business of the Government has been issued. It shows that the salary list of the staff, numbering forty-nine members, of the Treasury Solicitor's office amounts to £21,702. The office hours of the staff are nominally from eleven to five, and those of the messengers from ten to five; all contentious business of a civil character is conducted by agents, whose average profits during the last ten years amounted to £3399.11s.; that out of the total amount for salaries a yearly sum of £2000 is paid to ten copyists, besides which a quantity of copying has been done at the Civil Service Commission. No fewer than seven messengers are employed, at a cost of £726; no shorthand writers are employed; and the telephone has not been introduced into the office. The Committee have come to the conclusion that the staff of the solicitor's department is decidedly in excess of what is necessary in order to perform the professional duties discharged by it, and that many of the members are paid higher salaries than are necessary. They are also of opinion that injurious effects arise from the persons employed under the Solicitor of the Treasury being members of the Civil Service, and from their being entitled to pensions on the termination of their service. The principal injurious effects to which the Committee refer are that if the persons so employed are possessed of vested interests or claims, the Solicitor of the Treasury has no immediate control over them: he cannot procure their dismissal without the commission by them of acts of gross misconduct, and he is hampered in securing from time to time the assistance of persons of ability and industrious habits. The Committee further report that the office hours should not be less than seven hours per day, and that the staff should be in attendance at ten a.m.; that economy

in labour and time can and should be effected by the employment of shorthand-writers, by the use of telephones, and by the delegation of small matters of detail by the solicitor to his subordinates; that a large expenditure now takes place in relation to copying documents—an expenditure which, in the opinion of the Committee, might be decreased by causing the copying of all documents not of a secret or confidential character to be executed by law stationers. The Committee are further of opinion that as soon as there are members of the staff capable of conducting causes of a contentious character, the business now performed by the Treasury agents, Messrs. Hare and Co., should be carried on within the department, under the direct supervision of the Treasury Solicitor. The Committee recommend that no new appointment shall be made to the staff of the Treasury Solicitor's department, except with the view of its thorough reorganisation. It is difficult to define the exact number of persons required to discharge the duties of the department; but, as far as they can judge, the Committee are of opinion that if the department were now to be established for the first time it should consist of a solicitor, who should perform the duties now discharged by Sir A. K. Stephenson, three assistant solicitors, five clerks possessing qualifications similar to those possessed by managing clerks in a London solicitor's office, and such number of other clerks as may be found necessary to discharge the labours of the office. The Committee are of opinion that upon any new appointment being made the person appointed should not be a member of the Civil Service, but should be liable to be discharged, as in cases of ordinary employment, and should not be entitled upon the termination of his service to any pension or compensation. If this recommendation be carried into effect the appointments to the department shall be made by the Solicitor to the Treasury, subject to the approval of the Lords of the Treasury.

A FISH SALE AT POLPERRO.

In this season's exhibition of the Royal Academy, Mr. W. M. Loudan's picture, of which we present an Engraving, was deservedly admired and commended. Much interest is always felt in the Cornish fisheries, the toilsome and perilous life of the hardy, bold, and skilful race of men who brave the stormy western ocean on that rocky coast in pursuit of the various kinds of fish, admirably depicted by this artist; the manner in which their "harvest of the sea" is secured and brought to market, and the welfare of their wives and families, too often left destitute by the accidents of an employment liable to frequent and unexpected dangers. This scene in the village market-place, where a rude pair of scales is used to ascertain the weight of the fish before they are sold, is full of animation and of characteristic expression. Polperro—a quaint outlandish name said to be a corruption of "Porthpyre," which in the ancient Celtic language means "the Sand Port"—is situated on the south coast of Cornwall, halfway between East Looe and Fowey, and about fifteen miles to the west of Plymouth. It was just opposite this part of the coast that the first conflict took place between the English fleet and the Spanish Armada, the day after news of the approach of the enemy was received at Plymouth; and it is very likely that the forefathers of some of the Cornishmen who figure in Mr. Loudan's painting were on board the numerous local craft of privateers that sallied forth to fight with the Dons.

Lord Wolseley on July 27 unveiled in St. Paul's a memorial to the late Sir Herbert Stewart, who was killed at Abu-Klea three years since. Appropriately enough, the memorial has been placed in one of the bays in the north aisle, above the monument of General Gordon, in attempting to rescue whom the gallant officer met with his death.

IN THE DOMAIN.

A rounded, rocky wood. Tangled briars and lichens hang from every slope, and in the holes and dark recesses dwell our semi-domesticated badgers. We used to sit up in the trees at night and watch them dig for roots, or eat the dried fruits which we placed at the mouth of their burrow. Whilst the badgers sought for the small wild fruits of the bushes, the wood-owls hooted and the herons screamed. Sometimes in the moonlight we could see the water-voles feeding, and the night-jars "churred" in the glades. Jays screeched in the darkness, and the lapwings, disturbed by the poachers, flew and screamed in the night. But when the light summer mornings came the gay carpetings of the "domain" were revealed. And such a floral paradise never existed before.

For years one who had loved them brought specimens of rare plants, until we had within our limited area almost the complete botany of the district. Creepers festooned the rocks, and wild thyme covered the slopes. Trailing periwinkles and bluebells hung over the nests of the ground birds, and the warblers all came there in spring. In the "domain" they built their nests and reared their young; nor did they depart until they felt the migratory instinct strong within them. Whitethroats came there, and warblers of every kind. But the most plentiful of all were the wood-wrens—the wood-warblers. They came to us at the close of April or the beginning of May; the males arriving a week or ten days before the females, and immediately treating us to their apology of a song. The long-drawn "chu-chu-chu" generally came from the branches of an oak. When the bird flew from one tree to another, the flight was preceded by a quivering, tremulous motion of the wings. The form of the pretty wood-wren can never be mistaken, with its yellow-green back, green breast, and pure white under-plumage. Its dome-shaped nest is a marvellously beautiful structure, deep buried in summer wood-

which are invariably dome-shaped. For a long time the wood-warbler was confounded with the willow-warbler, and, in general, it pretty much resembles it, the chief points of difference being (in the wood-warbler) the bright yellow streak over the eye, the brighter green of the upper plumage, the yellowish breast, and the purely white abdominal parts. In the haunts of the birds this difference may not appear to be well marked, but when closely examined they are at once obvious, and so as to make it impossible to confound the two species.

The wood-warbler was one of the birds which Kingsley "set" in his "Charm of Birds." In the delightfully fresh "Prose Idylls" he asks, combating the words of the poet, "In Nature there is nothing melancholy," "Is it true that in Nature there is nothing melancholy?" and bids us "mark that slender, graceful, yellow-warbler, running along the high oak boughs like a perturbed spirit, seeking, restlessly, anxiously, something which he seems never to find; and uttering every now and then a long anxious cry, four or five times repeated, which would be a squeal were it not so sweet. Suddenly he flies away and flutters round the pendant tips of the beech sprays like a great yellow butterfly, picking the insects from the leaves; then flies back to a bare bough, and sings, with heaving breast and quivering wings, a short, shrill, feeble, tremulous song, and then returns to his old sadness, wandering and complaining all day long. Is there no melancholy in that cry? It sounds sad; why should it not be meant to be sad? We recognise joyful notes, angry notes, fearful notes. They are very similar, strangely enough, in all birds. They are very similar, more strangely still, to the cries of human beings, especially children, when influenced by the same passions. And when we hear a note which to us expresses sadness, why should not the bird be sad? Yon wood-wren has had enough to make him sad, if only he recollects it; and if he can recollect his road from Morocco hither, he, may-

be, recollects likewise what happened on the road—the long, weary journey up the Portuguese coast, and through the gap between the Pyrenees and the Jaysquiel, and up the Landes of Bordeaux and across Brittany, flitting by night and hiding and feeding as he could by day; and how his mates flew against the lighthouses and were killed by hundreds, and how he essayed the British Channel, and was blown back, shrivelled up by bitter blasts; and how he felt, nevertheless, that 'wan water he must cross,' he knew not why; but something told him his mother had done it before him, and that he was flesh of her flesh, life of her life, and had inherited her 'instinct,' as we call hereditary memory, in order to avoid the trouble of finding out what it is, and how it comes. A duty was laid on him to go back to the place where he was bred, and he must do it, and now it is done; and he is weary, sad, and lonely; and, for aught we know, thinking already that when the leaves begin to turn yellow he must go back again, over the channels, over the Landes, over the Pyrenees, to Morocco once more. Why should he not be sad?"

In great contrast to the delicate, soft-billed wood-birds, the warblers, are other of the summer migrants to this country. One of these is the hobby. This beautiful little hawk—a "peregrine in miniature" it has been styled—comes in the wake of the migratory hosts in spring, and stays with us till late autumn. Fascinating it is to watch the hobby performing its wonderful aerial evolutions, or lark-hawking far up against the blue. It destroys numerous small birds, and in summer adroitly captures, on the wing, many of the large flying insects and beetles. Its two or three bright red eggs are laid in a nest in some high tree—a nest not always made by the hobbies themselves. Then, another of our interesting summer visitors belongs to the family of butcher-birds—the redbacked shrike. These sprightly birds are bright in colouring, the male having a bright chestnut back, and it has also many pretty airs. The chief point of interest which attaches to the bird is that it hangs up the little carcasses of its prey in a regular shambles. Cockchafers, small birds, beetles, frogs, and butterflies are all transfixed on thorns as provision for the bird's wants. It comes and breeds with us, and, on account of its curious habits, we have called it murdering-pie, and the lesser butcher-bird.

J. W.

INOCULATING AN ELEPHANT.

Among the recent valuable discoveries of the famous French physician, M. Pasteur, is that of the vaccination of domestic animals for the prevention of the dire disease known as anthrax, or splenic fever. The marked success attending his system, in combating the Rinderpest in Europe, encouraged Mr. J. H. Lamprey to bring the subject under the notice of the Government of India, where no efficient remedy was known for this rapidly fatal illness, which annually carries off a large percentage of cattle of every kind. An Order in Council has been issued, after the most careful investigation of the merits of the system, and of the probability of securing its favourable reception by native proprietors. In order to carry out this object, some native Indian students, who have received their education at the Cirencester Agricultural College, are now undergoing a course of instruction at the Paris Laboratory of M. Pasteur, and will shortly proceed to stations in India, to dispense the vaccine, which is applied to elephants as well as to oxen and other beasts. It is confidently expected that their labours will be attended with the same success that followed the introduction of the system into those countries where it is now in full operation; with an ultimate prospect of the total extermination of the most serious maladies, working great havoc amongst flocks and herds throughout the world. The elephant, in a domesticated state, is liable, as well as other animals in the service of man, to certain epidemic diseases.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Goodwood week, marking the end of the London season, is here, and all the fashionable and would-be fashionable world is departing to seek the restorative influences of ozone and silence. Gowns for Goodwood, which are always smart, are this time being generally composed of foulard silks, large patterns being most in favour. The modest spots or tiny designs of two seasons ago are "selling off." The fashionable dressmaker knows now only of startling and striking patterns, such as a large brown pine-cone figured on a heliotrope ground; bunches of natural-coloured lilac on a white ground; lightning flashes of white meandering over a sky of blackness; or dark blue cornflowers tied together in large clusters on a pale green ground. White vests generally relieve these startling designs, which are almost impossible for the entire front of a bodice; the vests are folded prettily and somewhat irregularly, rarely being plain.

For country gowns for the "going away" season, there is quite a mania for separate skirts and bodices, the latter being made loose and comfortable. Smocked yoke silk, pongee or mervilleux, loose bodices, with waistbelts and full sleeves, are most worn with cotton or even beige or tennis flannel skirts. The actual jersey, made of the original elastic stockette cloth, is decidedly *passé*, but will be quite à la mode at Margate. The hats for the seaside are all very broad in the brims, which are bent in all manner of ways, but usually are turned sharply up at the back, while they stand out straight just above the brow, so as to shield the face from the sun—if by chance any sun should appear. The crowns are low and trimmed profusely on the top with big bows or loops of muslin, crêpe, or lace, with a cluster of flowers, or a spray of fruit and leaves as if cut from a cherry or plum tree, laid lightly amidst the diaphanous cloud, and falling down towards the front of the hat. Sailor styles of make are popular in serge gowns, the loose bodice, with its broad collar, opening from a white or red flannel vest, and sagging over a trifle at the waist, being most becoming to slight figures. Children's sea-side frocks are very generally made sailor-fashion, too. Zephyr or cotton frocks are made with simple loose blouse tops, confined by a sash not much higher than the knee, or else hanging straight from a yoke to which they are gathered.

Comparatively rarely does a female plaintiff in a breach-of-promise case fail to recover some portion of the damages she asks, because, as a rule, only the most gross cases of hardship and ill-usage are brought forward. A young lady has failed this week, however, under circumstances which were certain to preclude her from the sympathy of most of the jury-sitting sex. She was decidedly an unreasonable young person, for she offered her sweetheart the choice between his cigar and her fair self; and when the ungallant wretch declared that, if he must choose, he elected for the smoke, she sought to punish him in his pocket for the bad taste of his decision. Now, had the contract included, at the first, a provision to give up cigars for her sake, and had this been deliberately violated in order to cause the rupture of the engagement, it would justly have gone hard with the faithless swain; but, surely, when the damsel deliberately elected to place herself in one scale and a cigar in the other, and found herself the lighter of the two in the graceless man's estimation, she was bound to silently accept the judgment that she had challenged; and so thought the Sheriff who tried the case. But oh! that smoke! how selfish, how heartless, how incapable of self-denial it makes its devotees! The man, it is to be presumed, once loved the woman; but he loved the passing amusement of puffing out smoke better than he loved his lady. The age of chivalry was a pre-tobacco era!

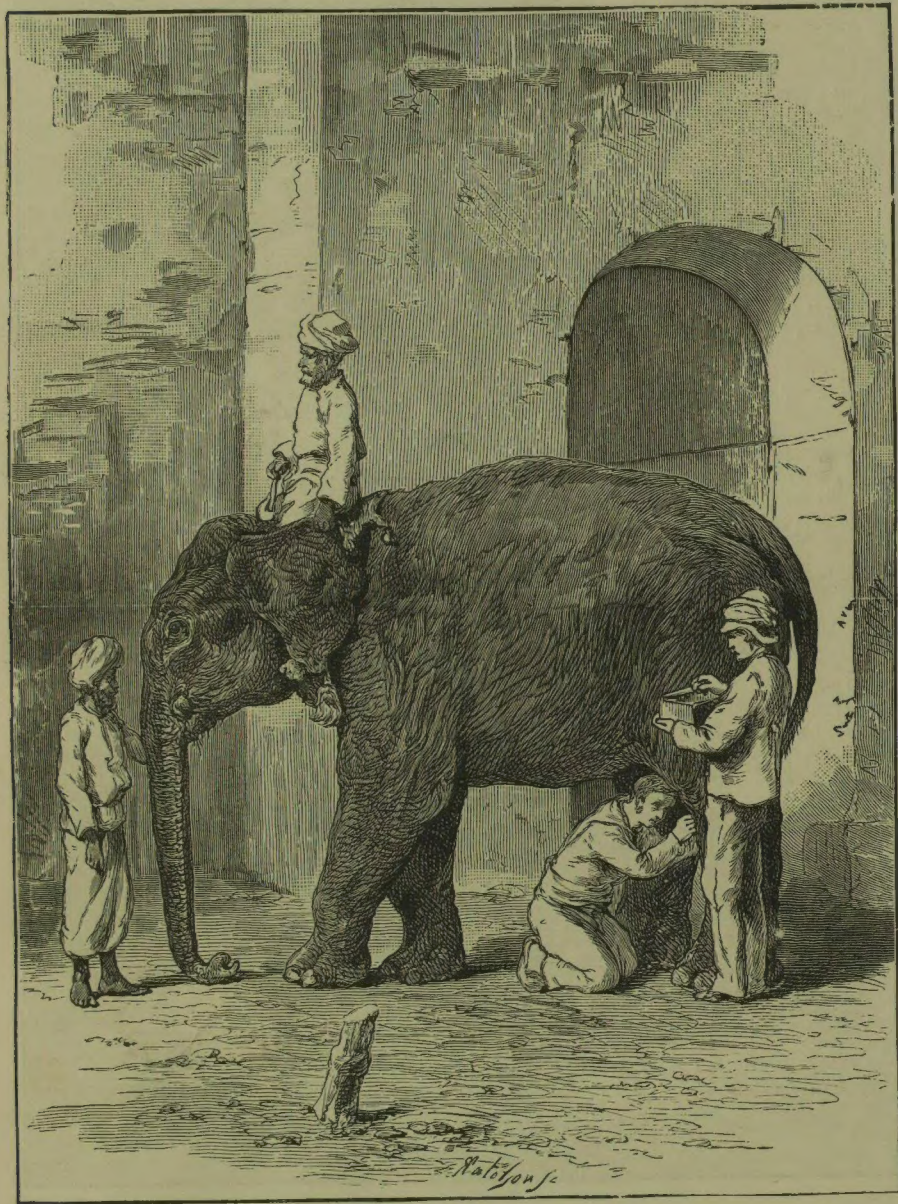
No doubt he thought that the woman who objected to tobacco must be a selfish, unkind creature, to want to rob him of his pleasure. Men have no notion of its being their duty to give up anything to women. "Serve him and obey him" are in the wife's vow in the wedding service, and not in the husband's. In a brilliant book of social essays lately published by Mrs. Frank Leslie, that distinguished American woman proposes the formation of a "Woman's Co-operative Union" for the education of man up to the feminine standpoint, "to teach him that he is as much bound to self-denial and self-control as he expects us to be. Man likes to smoke," she observes, "and we all vow that we enjoy smoke, and beg our male friends to favour us with a little of it, and sit smiling amid a blue fog. But suppose a woman likes to have her nursery about her, or keeps the thermometer at 80 deg., or prefers walking slowly to walking fast—or, in short, cultivates any taste opposed to masculine habits. Does the man good-humouredly conform, and pretend to like what he does not, and to enjoy what he abhors? I trow not." And so Mrs. Frank Leslie proposes to form a woman's union in order to educate man to the pitch of common feminine self-denial that makes most women pretend that tobacco is not offensive to them.

Well, perhaps the American women may succeed in such an attempt; the United States have not yet, like this effete old land, produced such a numerical surplus of our sex as to destroy the balance of power. Dear me, how can we be valued at our proper rate when there are a million too many of us? If the case were only the precise opposite we might have a chance. As it is, so little hope of success in a ladies' anti-tobacco crusade does Canon Shuttleworth give us that, being too upright and straightforward to pretend to suppose that non-smokers can really be comfortable in the midst of smoke, he takes refuge in advising us to smoke also. Whereupon that typical "man's man," Professor Blackie, produces a sonnet in which he exclaims, in effect: Ah, no! It is a woman's duty towards man to keep a sweet breath and nice teeth, and therefore smoking would be too vile a habit for her: but from a man a woman has no right to expect such refinements! The noisy Professor does not perceive that when he talks thus he advocates selfishness, and, as Mrs. Leslie says, a lower standard of self-control for men than women.

Alas! smoking in the streets, in public places, and even in resorts where people go especially to breathe the pure air, grows more common every day—and every day girls become more numerous. For some years past, according to the Registrar-General's report, the proportion of female to male births has been gradually increasing with each year. There are already a million too many of us; and year by year the surplus grows! I see no help for it; we shall only be strong enough to re-seize our natural empire, and become powerful enough to diminish smoking, by a well-directed and discreet application of the Chinese method of settling this problem. A little while ago an edict was issued in China pointing out that too many girl-babies were being drowned; and that in consequence "many good young men are unable to find wives." When many good young men here are in that position, the successors of the Scotch heroine will be able to make terms. Their weight in the scale of a man's estimation as against a cigar will be vastly increased. Meantime, tobacco is the stronger force, alas!

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Mr. Hugh Fraser, barrister-at-law, has been appointed Lecturer in Equity to the Incorporated Law Society.



INOCULATING AN ELEPHANT.

flowers. We have found the wild hyacinth, anemone, rock-rose, and plummy grasses all airily waving above the nest, yet not a blade disturbed. The little green birds drop down from the boughs and enter by a small hole in the side. Difficult to find is this if the parent birds do not betray its whereabouts. But so small is the hole that when we have known the precise locality of the nest visited we have missed it, the entrance being occupied by the head of the bird, its bright eyes looking timidly out upon us. Of very varied material is the nest—such as the spot in which it may happen to be affords—compactly constructed, and lined with delicate grasses and hair; feathers are never used. Five or six white eggs are laid, with reddish purple spots. Whether or no the fact plays any part in the bird's economy we do not know, but certain it is that a few dead leaves are invariably found on the exterior of the nest. Where districts are well-timbered and the woods old, this warbler loves best to breed, and there, probably, it finds food most abundant, for insect-life more abounds in old-wooded districts than where plantations of trees are younger. Age begets decay, and decay is productive of a host of species of insects. Hard-bodied beetles, the wood-louse, and winged life simply swarm in such congenial spots. The wood and willow warblers and the chiff-chaff differ from their congeners in not being fruit-eaters. They live entirely upon insect-life, and the benefit they confer on the garden during the earlier months of their stay in this country is simply incalculable. Every species of summer fly is taken, both at rest and on the wing, in the latter case the bird darting after its prey. Yet, although flies and aphides constitute the staple of its food, the bird is omnivorous in its range of insect-food, and this is taken both in the larval and matured state. This characteristic, then, of abstaining from fruit and being solely an insect feeder is common to the wood-warbler and its *confrères*, the willow-warbler and the chiff-chaff. The general colour of the plumage, too, of these birds differs from that of the rest of the warblers. But the third and best characteristic is in the nests of the three species,

BY THE LOCHSIDE.

A dozen or so of white cottages, mixed with some houses of a better class, at the foot and on the lower slopes of a ridge of purple upland, and separated from the loch only by a narrow road and a strip of pebbly shore—such is the village; if, indeed, that may be called a village which is really little more than the summer quarters of a few families who make money (and spend it) in a spacious manufacturing city some thirty miles or so "up the water." The clachan, or village proper, lies nearly a mile away, on the threshold of a great noble's finely-wooded grounds; and there, or thereabouts, you will find the parish kirk, and the parish school-house, and the post-office, and the joiner's, and the baker's, and such other necessities as go to make up a well-conducted village, which has escaped the cold shade of pauperism, and, like Dogberry, has everything handsome about it. For what with the regular employment given by the great noble aforesaid (or by his factor), and the provisioning of summer visitors and permanent residents, and a little fishing, and the small trading affairs connected with the steam-boat traffic, the villagers in this happy nook are able to put a decent face upon things, and to face the chance and change of life with considerable composure. They are "verra proud" of their sequestered and picturesque home; and well they may be, not only on account of its position, which is beautiful exceedingly, but because the genius of Scotland's greatest son has associated it with the pathos and passion of one of his finest novels. Moreover, its parish minister is known all over the land as a broad-minded theologian, an effective platform orator, and an accomplished man of letters. Item: it is included within the ample estates of one of Scotland's oldest ducal houses. Item: it has been visited by a daughter of the Royal family of England; and in its neighbourhood a deservedly popular novelist has located the deep and painful interest of one of the most successful of those of her fictions which deal with Scottish manners and Scottish scenery. 'Tis not every little village which has such good reason for the pride that, I have observed, little villages always have a good deal of.

This thrice-favoured clachan clusters near the extremity of a narrow, hilly peninsula, formed on one side by the broad estuary of Scotland's great western river, and on the other by an arm or loch which that estuary throws off to rest among the brown hills and take into its bosom the cool shadows of huge jagged peaks of granite. Above the long sandy spit, which, at low water, contracts its mouth into a channel scarcely wide enough for the passage of a man-of-war, this loch spreads out into an oval basin, its green shore fringed with long lines of birch and rowan, which, on tiny capes and headlands, approach the very margin of the ooze, and droop their branches into the flowing tide. Little timber-built piers, here and there, provide for the convenience of those dwellers "by the lochside," for whom the daily steamer supplies the readiest means of access to the outer world. In sunny open spaces mansions of stately aspect and spacious proportions have been erected by wealthy citizens; and with their trim lawns and shrubberies, their terraced gardens and their thick hedges of fuchsias, make a striking contrast to the bold brown hills rising so steeply in their rear, with no other ornament than wide patches of heather on their acclivities. At the loch-head, where another little clachan snugly nestles among dwarf oaks and birken shaws, the hills make a sudden dip, and there the road finds its way across them, descending to the side of another and much larger loch, which penetrates several miles inland, and washes with deep rolling waves the feet of a range of gloomy, precipitous heights, smitten by the thunders of the ages. But in this romantic country lochs and mountains are as plentiful as green lanes and fields in the pastoral South. Some of the most majestic, though not the loftiest, of the Scottish "bens" are visible from the crest of the range of hills; and, as for lochs, from "the dip" I have spoken of, three of these salt-water basins, with gleaming curves and crescents, are visible—as glorious a spectacle on a radiant day as the sea of Patmos ever saw in Apocalyptic vision. Untravelled Southrons can have no idea of the infinite varieties of life and colour which this weird combination of mountain and water develops. Each height has an individuality of its own; each loch is distinct in character from all other lochs. On this side is the gentler grace; on the other, the fuller majesty. Here the landscape melts into an almost Arcadian softness; there, it is darkened with the sombre gloom of despair. If, on the one hand, the rugged precipices start sheer from the water's edge, like a wall of iron; on the other you see a gracious heathery slope, with a bright burn leaping and shining down its undulating side. Then, again, the aspect of each scene, like the expression of an eloquent face, changes every half-hour—nay, every minute—on one of those joyous days when sunshine and shadow follow each other—over hill and glen, over stream and rock—with all the arrowy quickness of a lover's thoughts; and swift scurries of rain and mist come up from the south-west, to be succeeded by sudden slants of golden glory; and flecks of white cirrus shoot athwart the sapphire-blue sky, deepening with their transient reflections the broad bulk of the great mountains, and the rippled bosom of the copious lochs.

But I have wandered away from the little village by the lochside. For artist, or poet, or jaded man of letters, I know of few pleasanter seclusions. There you may study at your leisure the ways of Nature, and all her charming magical changes. In the soft summer-time there is no end to the beautiful things she has to show you—tall clumps of fuchsia, sparkling with tiny crimson petals; the graceful lady-birch, in the sweet delicacy of her cool foliage; fairy-like ferns, with all their flowers unfolded; and spikes of digitalis, with hanging bells so curiously spotted. The morning dawns upon you with the blandness of the later summer; and, looking across the loch you feel for a moment as if you had unwittingly stepped out of the world in which men live and move and have their being, into a strange, ideal world of inconceivable splendour; for lo! a broad band of shining mist is stretched along the opposite shore, which, beneath it, is reflected in the glassy wave with a startling distinctness—hills and trees and turreted mansions, and patches of bright garden-ground—all inverted in that wide and noble mirror—the reality of it above and the image of it below so combined that, as you gaze and wonder as you gaze, and the mist creeps quickly upward, the reality seems to become an image also, and all its details are subduced into a tremulous, vague dream; and then the mist glides away, and the inverted landscape disappears, and before you is the Real once again, shining with a thousand elysian lights as the mounting sun touches it with its fingers of fire.

At sunset, by the lochside, you will often be moved by the deep sweet silence that prevails—a silence which seems to hush every impetuous feeling, every surging thought. The breeze is not yet astir; the birds have ceased their songs and folded their wings in slumber; a calm lies upon the far-off mountains, on the surrounding hills, on the curving shore. The whole loch is possessed by the glory of the setting sun; and such a wonderful radiance fills it and adorns it, such a dream and mystery of colour, that all things seem stilled and subdued into a voiceless adoration by the very immensity of its beauty! The lights come and go—purple, green, and gold—

merging at last into a deep crimson lustre, which floods all the western sky, and sinks with a warm glow into the bosom of the loch, until you see, as it were, a double sunset—one in the loch below and one in the heaven above. Silently, this rich, rare glory fades and fades; from loch and sky, like a vision with noiseless feet, the celestial splendour passes; and out into the blue serene comes the moon, with her company of stars; and still the hush is unbroken, except by the low splash of the waves on the "umbered strand," which, indeed, does not so much interrupt the solemn silence as serve to confirm and enhance it. And now the moonlight folds the loch in its embrace; here, ploughing the tranquil surface, as with a silver share, in one broad, unbroken furrow; there, dropping little silvery gleams and pearly lines; touching the wooded shores with streaks of soft pale light, and illuminating the distant peaks of granite till they shine against the intense depths of the firmament like towers of silver.

But a change comes over the spirit of the scene. A little cloud rises in the north, not bigger than a man's hand, and barely visible across the distant summits. All at once, this cloud expands in every direction, deepening and widening until the sky is overcast with mirky gloom, impenetrable and oppressive. There is a pattering on the leaves around you, and you can see the face of the loch troubled with thick-coming raindrops. Rain, rain! And now, flash after flash of lightning—the dark heavens open and shut with sudden bursts of lurid flame, as from a furnace-fire; and the thunder rolls among the mountains with a hoarse reverberation like the echoes of distant battle; and the waters dash in white breakers against the shore, as the wind, let loose from northern heights, sweeps down the loch on shrieking wings. The storm, however, soon spends its fury: the lightnings cease, and the wind subsides—but with muttering, growling noises, like a creature whose wrath is still unsatisfied; and the blackness vanishes; and soon, over the eastern hills, breaks the first dawn of the coming day, and morning, with all its joyous voices and hopeful promises, comes once again to those of the "sons of men" whose lot is cast—not unhappily, I think—"by the lochside."

SPEECH DAY, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Additional interest was lent to speech day at the ancient Blue-coat foundation, on July 25, by the new scheme of the Charity Commissioners, which would practically abolish the old school. After the very effective singing of the 100th Psalm by the boys, followed a series of recitations, all of them delivered with unusually good elocution. H. S. Whiteside gave Lord Beaconsfield's "Accession of Queen Victoria"; E. C. Pearce, "Civis Romanus sum" (Cicero); C. Hipwood, part of a speech of Macaulay's on the China War; A. B. Ward, in French, an extract from a discourse of M. Gambetta; R. B. K. Christian, Froide's account of the destruction of the Armada, and also a Greek excerpt from Thucydides; E. A. Rolfe a portion of his prize Latin poem on "Columbus," and H. B. Dickin, "Der Glockenguss zu Breslau."

But the special feature of the gathering was the English Oration by E. A. Rolfe, in which the new scheme of the Charity Commissioners was referred to in a manner which showed unmistakably how it is regarded by the governors, the head master (Rev. R. Lee), the teaching staff, and by the present and old Blues. There would, said the speaker, if this scheme received the assent of Parliament, as it has of the Education Department, still be a Christ's Hospital, but it would be no longer the school of the past. Between the Christ's Hospital founded by good Edward VI. and that of the Commissioners there would be nothing but the name. The applause which greeted this declaration was emphatic and unanimous. Among the events of the year, Mr. Rolfe referred to the loss which the great German nation had suffered by the death of two Emperors, one of whom had showed how simply a hero could live, and the other how bravely a hero could die.

After a hearty rendering of the favourite "Dulce Domum," the prizes were distributed by the Lord Mayor. The exhibitors for 1888 are:—Charles Hipwood, scholar (classical) of Wadham College, Oxford; Arthur Lyon Bowley, major scholar (mathematical) of Trinity College, Cambridge; Eugene Alfred Rolfe, scholar (classical) of University College, Oxford; Joseph William Philipson, scholar (classical) of Selwyn College, Cambridge; and Henry Caldwell Lipsett, scholar (classical) of Lincoln College, Oxford.

The steam-ship Copeland, of Leith, went ashore on the island of Stromo on July 25. She had 200 emigrants on board, who were all landed on the island.

Nearly 40,000 persons were attracted to the Alexandra Palace on July 28 to witness the ascent and descent of Mr. Baldwin, who had promised to drop from a balloon at the height of about 1000 ft. When at a height of about 1500 ft. he detached the parachute, and descended in safety.

The final ceremonial with regard to the Pan Anglican Conference at Lambeth was a special service celebrated on July 28 in St. Paul's Cathedral, and attended by the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, Dublin, and Armagh, the Bishop of London, and about 140 other Bishops, home and Colonial. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of York.

The following steamers arrived at Liverpool recently with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports:—The Montreal, with 315 cattle and 854 sheep; the Iowa, with 639 cattle and 692 quarters of beef; the Barrowmore, with 700 cattle; the Lake Huron, with 408 cattle and 670 sheep; the Catalonia, with 960 quarters of beef; the Arizona, with 2920 quarters of beef; and the Germanic, with 760 quarters of beef; the total arrivals being 2062 cattle, 1524 sheep, and 5332 quarters of beef.

THE MAHARAJAH OF TIKUMGURH AND HIS TIGER.

Tikumgurh is one of the Native States in the territory known as Bundelcund; its chief, the Maharajah Pertab Singh, is an ardent sportsman. He visited the Lalitpur district the other day, where he was entertained by the Deputy Commissioner. While he was there, information was brought in that a tiger had appeared near Deogurh, a few miles out; and a shooting-party was at once organised. Beaters were sent into the jungle, and a tigress appeared about thirty yards from where the Maharajah was posted. With a single shot, his Highness killed her. The shooting-party had scarcely been back twenty-four hours, when news arrived of another tiger having been seen; and the Maharajah, with a small party, went out again. He had not long to wait when the tiger appeared, and on seeing the Maharajah, made straight for him, bounding along, and growling savagely. His Highness, with characteristic pluck and presence of mind, waited till the animal was within about fifty yards and then fired. The shell entered the tiger's chest and burst, shattering his lungs and heart. A photograph was taken a few hours after the kill, at the spot where the tiger fell, by Mr. John Gordon, of the Indian Midland Railway. The tiger measured ten feet, and the tigress six inches shorter, immediately after being killed. In addition to the tiger and tigress, the Maharajah was fortunate in catching two young cubs, which he has taken for his menagerie at Tehri.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. E. Henry Loyd, of Langleybury, Herts, with the Hon. Clementina Brownlow, fifth daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Lurgan, took place on July 26 in St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester-road. The eight bridesmaids were the Hon. Isabella and the Hon. Emmeline



THE MAHARAJAH OF TIKUMGURH, AND A TIGER KILLED BY HIM.

Brownlow, sisters of the bride; Miss Gwendoline and Miss Beatrice Loyd, sisters of the bridegroom; Lady Ottoline Bentinck, Lady Mary Pepys, and Miss Burne, cousins of the bride; and Miss Henage, cousin of the bridegroom. The Bishop of St. Albans officiated, assisted by the Rev. E. T. Vaughan, Vicar of St. Paul's, Langleybury; the Rev. J. P. Waldo, Vicar of St. Stephen's; and the Rev. Walter Brownlow, cousin of the bride.

Mr. Marcus Henry Milner was married to Caroline Agnes, Duchess Dowager of Montrose, on July 26, at St. Andrew's, Fulham. The Duchess is the youngest daughter of the second Lord Decies, and the widow of the fourth Duke of Montrose, who died in 1874. Her Grace's second husband was Mr. W. S. Stirling-Crawford, to whom she was married in 1876 and who died in 1883. The Duchess is well known in racing circles as "Mr. Manton." The bridegroom is the youngest son of the late Mr. Henry Milner, of West Retford House, Notts, and the Old Bank, Leeds, and brother of Lady Gerard and Lady Durham.

The marriage of Lord Beaumont with Violet, only daughter of Mr. Wootton Isaacson, M.P., and Mrs. Wootton Isaacson, was solemnised on July 28, at the Oratory, Brompton, before a large and distinguished congregation. The bridesmaids were—Miss Margaret Peake, Donna Margherita Chigi, Miss Morell Mackenzie, and Miss Riddell and Miss Stapleton, cousins of the bridegroom. The bride was accompanied by her father, who gave her away.

The marriage of Mr. Donald Campbell, eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. Archibald Campbell, of Marchfield House, Berks, late Rector of Kington, Leicestershire, with Edith Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Smith Wright, M.P., took place in St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, on July 26. In attendance on the bride were three pages—Master J. H. Smith Wright, youngest brother of the bride; Masters E. J. Wright and C. Howard. The Hon. and Rev. A. Campbell, father of the bridegroom, officiated, assisted by the Rev. H. F. Howard, Rector of Bright Waltham, Berks, uncle of the bridegroom, and the Rev. George Howard Wright, uncle of the bride; Mr. Smith Wright giving his daughter away.

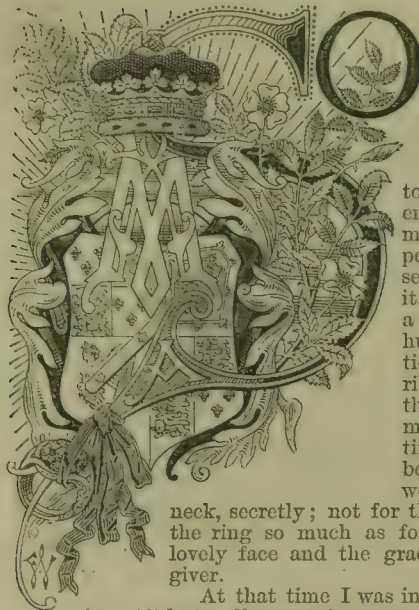
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBRAN,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

WITH THE ELDERS.



WE went home again, all well pleased, and I holding the Duke's ring tight, I promise you. It was a most beautiful ring when I came to look at it: a great emerald was in the midst of it, with little pearls and emeralds set alternately around it. Never was such a grand gift to so humble a person. I tied it to a black ribbon and put it in the box which held my clothes. But sometimes I could not forbear the pleasure of wearing it round my

neck, secretly; not for the joy of possessing the ring so much as for remembering the lovely face and the gracious words of the giver.

At that time I was in my sixteenth year, but well grown for my age. Like my father, I am above the common stature of women. We continued for more than four years longer to live without the company of the boys, which caused me to be much in the society of my elders, and as much at the Manor House and the Rectory as at home. At the former place Sir Christopher loved to have me with him all day long, if my mother would suffer it: when he walked abroad I must walk with him; when he walked in his garden I must be at his side. When he awoke after his afternoon sleep he liked to see me sitting ready to talk to him. I must play to him and sing to him; or I must bring out the baggammon board; or I must read the last letters from Robin and Humphrey. Life is dull for an old man whose friends are mostly dead, unless he have the company of the young. So David in his old age took to himself a young wife. I have sometimes thought that he would have done better to have comforted his heart with the play and prattle of his grandchildren—of whom, I suppose, there must have been many families.

Now, as I was so much with his Honour, I had much talk with him upon things on which wise and ancient men do not often converse with girls, and I was often present when he discoursed with my father or with his son-in-law, the Rector, on high and serious matters. It was a time of great anxiety and uncertainty. There were great Pope burnings in the country; and when some were put in pillory for riot at these bonfires not a hand was lifted against them. They had one at Sherborne on Nov. 17, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation day, instead of Nov. 5, Guy Faux Day. Boys went about the streets asking for halfpence and singing—

Up with the ladder,
And down with the rope;
Give us a penny
To burn the old Pope.

There were riots in Taunton, where the High Church party burned the pulpit of a meeting-house; people went about openly saying that the Roundheads would soon come back again. From Robin we heard of the Popish plots and the flight of the Duke of York, and afterwards of Monmouth's disgrace and exile. At all the market towns where men gathered together they talked of these things, and many whispered together: a thing which Sir Christopher loved not, because it spoke of conspiracies and secret plots, whereas he was all for bold declaration of conscience.

In short, it was an anxious time, and everybody understood that serious things would happen should the King die. There were not wanting, besides, omens of coming ills—if you accept such things as omens or warnings. To Taunton (afterwards the town most affected by the Rebellion) a plain warning was vouchsafed by the rumbling and thundering and shaking of the earth itself, so that dishes were knocked down and cups broken, and plaster shaken off the walls of houses. And once (this did I myself see with my own eyes) the sun rose with four other suns for companions—a most terrifying sight, though Mr. Boscorel, who spoke learnedly on omens, had an explanation of this miracle, which he said was due to natural causes alone. And at Ile Brewers there was a monstrous birth of two girls with but one body from the breast downwards; their names were Aquila and Priscilla; but I believe they lived but a short time.

I needs must tell of Mr. Boscorel because he was a man the like of whom I have never since beheld. I believe there can be few men such as he was, who could so readily exchange the world of heat and argument for the calm and dispassionate air of art and music. Even religion (if I may venture to say so) seemed of less importance to him than painting and sculpture. I have said that he taught me to play upon the spinnet. Now that Humphrey was gone, he desired my company every day, in order, he pretended, that I might grow perfect in my performance, but in reality because he was lonely at the Rectory, and found pleasure in my company. We played together—he upon the violoncello and I upon the spinnet—such music as he chose. It was sometimes grave and solemn music, such as Lulli's "Miserere" or his "De Profundis"; sometimes it was some part of a Roman Catholic Mass: then was my soul uplifted and waited heavenwards by the chords, which seemed prayer and praise fit for the angels to harp before the throne. Sometimes it was music which spoke of human passions, when I would be, in like manner, carried out of myself. My master would watch not only my execution, commending or correcting, but he would also watch the effect of the music upon my mind.

"We are ourselves," he said, "like unto the instruments upon which we play. For as one kind of instrument, as the drum, produces but one note; and another, as the cymbals, but a clashing which is in itself discordant, but made effective in a band; so others are, like the most delicate and sensitive violins—those of Cremona—capable of producing the finest music that the soul of man hath ever devised. It is by such music, child, that some of us mount unto heaven. As for me, indeed, I daily feel more and more that music leadeth the soul upward, and that, as regards the disputations on the Word of God, the letter indeed killeth, but the spirit which music helpeth us to feel—the spirit, I say, giveth life." He sighed, and drew his bow gently across the first string of his violoncello. "'Tis a time of angry argument. The Word of

God is thrown from one to the other as a pebble is shot from a sling. It wearies me. In this room, among these books of music, my soul finds rest, and the spiritual part of me is lifted heavenwards. Humphrey and you, my dear, alone can comprehend this saying. 'Thou hast a mind like his, to feel and understand what music means. Listen!' Here he executed a piece of music at which the tears rose to my eyes. 'That is from the Romish Mass which we are taught ignorantly to despise. My child, I am, indeed, no Catholic, and I hold that ours is the purer Church; yet, in losing the Mass we have lost the great music with which the Catholics sustain their souls. Some of our anthems, truly, are good; but what is a single anthem, finished in ten minutes, compared with a grand Mass which lasts three hours?'

Then he had portfolios filled with engravings, which he would bring forth and contemplate with a kind of rapture, discoursing upon the engraver's art and its difficulties, so that I should not, as is the case with ignorant persons, suppose that these things were produced without much training and skill. He had also boxes full of coins, medals, and transparent gems carved most delicately with heathen gods and goddesses, shepherds and swains, after the ancient fashion, unclothed and unashamed. On these things he would gaze with admiration which he tried to teach me, but could not succeed, because I cannot believe that we may without blame look upon such figures. Nevertheless, they were most beautiful, the hands and faces and the very hair so delicately and exquisitely carved that you could hardly believe it possible. And he talked solemnly and scholarly of these gauds, as if they were things which peculiarly deserved the attention of wise and learned men. Nay, he would be even lifted out of himself in considering them.

"Child," he said, "we know not, and we cannot even guess, the wonders of art that in heaven we shall learn to accomplish"—as if carving and painting were the occupation of angels—"or the miracles of beauty and of dexterity that we shall be able to design and execute. Here, the hand is clumsy and the brain is dull; we cannot rise above ourselves; we are blind to the beauty with which the Lord hath filled the earth for the solace of human creatures. Nay; we are not even tender with the beauty that we see and love. We suffer maidens sweet as the dreams of poets to waste their beauty unpraised and unsung. I am old, child, or I would praise thee in immortal verse. Much I fear that thou wilt grow old without the praise of sweet numbers. Well; there is no doubt more lasting beauty of face and figure hereafter to joy the souls of the elect. And thou wilt make his happiness for one man on earth. Pray Heaven, sweet child, that he look also to thine!"

He would say such things with so grand an air, speaking as if his words should command respect, and with so kindly an eye and a soft smile, while he gently stroked the side of his nose, which was long, that I was always carried away with the authority of it, and not till after I left him did I begin to perceive that my father would certainly never allow that the elect should occupy themselves with the frivolous pursuits of painting and the fine arts, but only with the playing of their harps and the singing of praises. It was this consideration which caused him to consent that his daughter should learn the spinnet. I did not tell him (God forgive me for the deceit, if there was any!) that we sometimes played music written for the Mass; nor did I repeat what Mr. Boscorel said concerning art and the flinging about of the Word of God, because my father was wholly occupied in controversy, and his principal, if not his only, weapon was the Word of God.

Another pleasure which we had was to follow Humphrey in his travels by the aid of his letters and a mappa mundi, or atlas, which the Rector possessed. Then I remember when we heard that the boys were about to ride together through France from Montpellier to Leyden in Holland, we had on the table the great map of France. There were many drawings, coats-of-arms, and other pretty things on the map.

"It is now," said Mr. Boscorel, finding out the place he wanted, and keeping his forefinger upon it, "nearly thirty years since I made the grand tour, being then governor to the young Lord Silchester, who afterwards died of the Plague in London. Else had I been now a Bishop, who am forgotten in this little place. The boys will ride, I take it, by the same road which we took: first, because it is the high road and the safest; next, because it is the best provided with inns and resting places; and, lastly, because it passes through the best part of his most Christian Majesty's dominions, and carries the traveller through his finest and most stately cities. From Montpellier they will ride—follow my finger, child!—to Nismes. Before the Revocation it was a great place for those of the Reformed Religion, and a populous town. Here they will not fail to visit the Roman temple which still stands. It is not, indeed, such a noble monument as one may see in Rome; but it is in good preservation, and a fair example of the later style. They will also visit the great amphitheatre, which should be cleared of the mean houses which are now built up within it, and so exposed in all its vastness to the admiration of the world. After seeing these things they will direct their way across a desolate piece of country to Avignon, passing on the way the ancient Roman aqueduct called the Pont de Gard. At Avignon they will admire the many churches and the walls, and will not fail to visit the palace of the Popes during the Great Schism. Thence they will ride northwards, unless they wish first to see the Roman remains at Arles. Thence will they proceed up the Valley of the Rhone, through many stately towns, till they come to Lyons, where, doubtless, they will sojourn for a few days. Next, they will journey through the rich country of Burgundy, and from the ancient town of Dijon will reach Paris through the city of Fontainebleau. On the way they will see many noble houses and castles, with rich towns and splendid churches. In no country are there more splendid churches, built in the Gothic style, which we have now forgotten. Some of them, alas! have been defaced in the wars (so-called of Religion), where, as happened also to us, the delicate carved work, the scrolls and flowers and statues were destroyed, and the painted windows broken. Alas! that men should refuse to suffer Art to become the minister and handmaid of Religion! Yet in the first and most glorious temple in which the glory of the Lord was visibly present, there were carved and graven lilies, with lions, oxen, chariots, cherubim, palm-trees, and pomegranates."

He closed his atlas and sat down.

"Child," he said, meditating. "For a scholar, in his youth, there is no pleasure comparable with the pleasure of travelling in strange countries, among the monuments of ancient days. My own son did never, to my sorrow, desire the pleasant paths of learning, and did never show any love for the arts, in which I have always taken so great delight. He desireth rather the companionship of men; he loveth to drink and sing; and he nourisheth a huge ambition. 'Tis best that we are not all alike. Humphrey should have been my son. Forget not, my child, that he hath desired to be remembered to thee in every letter which he hath written."

If the Rector spoke much of Humphrey, Madam made amends by talking continually of Robin, and of the great things that he would do when he returned home. Justice of the Peace, that he would certainly be made; Captain first and

afterwards Colonel in the Somerset Militia, that also should he be; Knight of the Shire, if he were ambitious—but that I knew he would never be; High Sheriff of the County, if his slender means permitted—for the estate was not worth more than five or six hundred pounds a year. Perhaps he would marry an heiress: it would be greatly to the advantage of the family if an heiress were to come into it with broad acres of her own; but she was not a woman who would seek to control her son in the matter of his affections, and if he chose a girl with no fortune to her back, if she was a good girl and pious, Madam would never say him nay. And he would soon return. The boy had been at Oxford and next in London, learning law, such as Justices require. He was now with Humphrey at the University of Leyden, doubtless learning more law.

"My dear," said Madam, "we want him home. His grandfather groweth old, though still, thank God, in the full possession of his faculties. Yet a young man's presence is needed. I trust and pray that he will return as he went, innocent, in spite of the many temptations of the wicked city. And, oh! child—what if he should have lost his heart to some designing city hussy!"

He came—as you shall hear immediately—Robin came home. Would to God that he had waited, if only for a single month! Had he not come all our afflictions would have been spared us! Had he not come that good old man, Sir Christopher—but it is vain to imagine what might have been. We are in the hands of the Lord; nothing that happens to us is permitted but by him, and for some wise purpose was Sir Christopher in his old age—alas! why should I anticipate what I have to narrate?

CHAPTER X.

LE ROY EST MORT.

In February of the year 1685, King Charles II. died.

Sir Christopher himself brought us the news from Sherborne, whither he had gone, as was his wont, to the weekly ordinary. He clattered up the lane on his cob, and halted at our gate.

"Call thy father, child. Give you good-day, Madam Eykin. Will your husband leave his books and come forth for a moment? Tell him I have news."

My father rose and obeyed. His gown was in rags; his feet were clad in cloth shoon, which I worked for him; his cheek was wasted; but his eye was keen. He was lean and tall; his hair was as white as Sir Christopher's, though he was full twenty years younger.

"Friend and gossip," said Sir Christopher, "the King is dead."

"Is Charles Stewart dead?" my father replied. "He cumbered the earth too long. For five-and-twenty years hath he persecuted the saints. Also he hath burnt incense after the abomination of the heathen. Let his lot be as the lot of Ahaz."

"Nay; he is buried by this time. His brother the Duke of York hath been proclaimed King."

"James the Papist. It is as though Manasseh should succeed to Ahaz. And after him Jehoiakim."

"Yet the bells will ring and we shall pray for the King; and wise men, friend Eykin, will do well to keep silence."

"There is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. It may be that the time is at hand when a godly man must stretch forth his hand to tear down the Scarlet Woman, though she slay him in the attempt."

"It may be so, my friend; yet stretch not forth thine hand until thou art well assured of the Divine Command. The King is dead. Now will my son-in-law ring out the bells for the new King, and we shall pray for him, as we prayed for his brother. It is our duty to pray for all in authority, though to the prayers of a whole nation there seemeth, so far as human reason can perceive, no answer."

"I for one will pray no more for a King who is a Papist. Rather will I pray daily for his overthrow."

"King Charles is said to have received a priest before he died. Yet it is worse that the King should be an open than a secret Catholic. Let us be patient, my friend, and await the time."

So he rode up the village, and presently the bells were set a-ringing, and they clashed as joyously, echoing around the Corton Hills, as if the accession of King James II. was the only thing wanted to make the nation prosperous, happy, and religious.

My father stood at the gate after Sir Christopher left him. The wind was cold, and the twilight was falling, and his cassock was thin, but he remained there motionless, until my mother went out and drew him back to the house by the arm. He went into his own room, but he read no more that day.

In the evening he came forth and sat with us, and while I sat sewing, my mother spinning by the light of the fire, he discoursed, which was unusual with him, upon things and peoples and the best form of Government, which he held to be a Commonwealth, with a strong man for President. But he was to hold his power from the people, and was to lay it down frequently, lest he should in his turn be tempted to become a King. And if he were to fall away from righteousness, or to live in open sin, or to be a merry-maker, or to suffer his country to fall from a high place among the nations, he was to be displaced, and be forced to retire. As for the man Charles, now dead, he would become, my father said, an example to all future ages, and a warning of what may happen when the doctrine of Divine Right is generally accepted and acted upon; the King himself being not so much blamed by him as the practice of hereditary rule which caused him to be seated upon the throne, when his true place, my father said, was among the lacqueys and varlets of the palace. "His brother James," he added, "hath now an opportunity such as is given to few—for he may become another Josiah. But I think he will neglect that opportunity," he concluded; "yea, even if Hilkiah the Priest were to bring him a message from Huldah the Prophetess; for he doth belong to a family which, by the Divine displeasure, can never perceive the truth. Let us now read the Word, and wrestle with the Lord in prayer."

Next we heard that loyal addresses were poured in from all quarters congratulating the King, and promising most submissive obedience. One would have thought that the people were rejoiced at the succession of a Roman Catholic; it was said that the King had promised liberty of conscience unto all; that he claimed that liberty for himself, and that he went to Mass daily and openly.

But many there were who foresaw trouble. Unfortunately, one of them was Sir Christopher, who spoke his mind at all times too fiercely for his safety. Mr. Boscorel, also, was of opinion that civil war would speedily ensue.

"The King's friends," he said, "may for a time buy the support of the Nonconformists, and make a show of religious liberty. Thus may they govern for a while. But it is not in the nature of the Roman Catholic priest to countenance religious liberty, or ever to sit down contented with less than all the pie. They must for ever scheme and intrigue for more power. Religious liberty? It means to them the eternal damnation of those who hold themselves free to think for themselves. They would be less than human if they did not



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

We played together—he upon the violoncello and I upon the spinnet—such music as he chose.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

try to save the souls of the people by docking their freedom. They must make this country even as Spain or Italy. Is it to be believed that they will suffer the Church to retain her revenues, or the universities to remain out of their control? Nay, will they allow the grammar schools to be in the hands of Protestants? Never! The next generation will be wholly Catholic, unless the present generation send King and priests packing."

These were treasonable words, but they were uttered in the hall of the Manor House with no other listeners than Sir Christopher and the Rector.

"Seeing these things, son-in-law," said Sir Christopher, "what becomes of Right Divine? Where is the duty of non-resistance?"

"The doctrine of Right Divine," said Mr. Boscorel, rubbing his nose, "includes the Divine institution of a Monarchy, which, I confess, is manifestly untenable, because the Lord granted a King to the people only because they clamoured for one. Also, had the institution been of Divine foundation, the Jews would never have been allowed to live under the rule of Judges, Tetrarchs, and Roman Governors."

"You have not always spoken so plainly," said Sir Christopher.

"Nay; why be always proclaiming to the world your thoughts and opinions? Besides, even if the doctrine of non-resistance were sound, there may be cases in which just laws may be justly set aside. I say not that this is one, as yet. But if there were danger of the ancient superstitions being thrust upon us to the destruction of our souls, I say not that we should meekly sit down. Nay; if a starving man take a loaf of bread, there being no other way possible to save his life, one would not, therefore, hold him a thief. Yet the law remains."

"Shall the blood which hath been poured out for the cause of liberty prove to be shed in vain?" asked Sir Christopher.

"Why, Sir," said the Rector, "the same question might be asked in France, where the Protestants fought longer and against greater odds than we in this country. Yet the blood of those martyrs hath been shed, so far as man can see, in vain; the Church of Rome is there the conqueror indeed. It is laid upon the Protestants, even upon us, who hold that we are a true branch of the ancient Apostolic Church, to defend ourselves continually against an enemy who is always at unity, always guided by one man, always knows what he wants, and is always working to get it. We, on the other hand, do not know our own minds, and must for ever be quarrelling among ourselves. Nevertheless, the heart of the country is Protestant; and sooner or later the case of conscience may arise whether—the law remaining unchanged—we may not blamelessly break the law?"

That case of conscience was not yet ripe for consideration. There needed first many things—including the martyrdom of saints and innocent men and poor, ignorant rustics—before the country roused herself once more to seize her liberties. Then as to that poor doctrine of Divine Right, they all made a mouthful of it, except only a small and harmless band of nonjurors.

At the outset, whatever the opinions of the people—who could have been made to rise as one man—the gentry remained loyal. Above all things, they dreaded another civil war.

"We must fain accept the King's professions," said the Rector. "If we have misgivings, let us disguise them. Let us rather nourish the hope that they are honestly meant; and let us wait. England will not become another Spain in a single day. Let us wait. The stake is not yet set up in Smithfield, and the Inquisition is not yet established in the country."

It was in this temper that the King's accession found Sir Christopher. Afterwards he was accused of having harboured designs against the King from the beginning. That, indeed, was not the case. He had no thought of entering into any such enterprise. Yet he never doubted that in the end there would be an uprising against the rule of the priests. Nor did he doubt that the King would be pushed on by his advisers to one pretension after another for the advancement of his own prerogative and the displacement of the Protestant Church. Nay, he openly predicted that there would be such attempts; and he maintained—such was his wisdom!—that, in the long run, the Protestant faith would be established upon a surer foundation than ever. But as for conspiring or being cognisant of any conspiracy, that was untrue. Why, he was at this time seventy-five years of age—a time when such men as Sir Christopher have continually before their eyes Death and the Judgment.

As for my father, perhaps I am wrong, but in the daily prayers of night and morning, and in the grace before meat, he seemed to find a freer utterance, and to wrestle more vehemently than was his wont on the subject of the Scarlet Woman, offering himself as a willing martyr and confessor, if by the shedding of his blood the great day of her final overthrow might be advanced; yet always humble, not daring to think of himself as anything but an instrument to do the will of his Master. In the end, his death truly helped, with others, to bring a Protestant King to the Throne of these isles. And since we knew him to be so deep a scholar, always reading and learning, and in no sense a man of activity, the thing which he presently did amazed us all. Yet we ought to have known that one who is under the Divine command to preach the Word of God and hath been silenced by man for more than twenty years, so that the strength of his manhood hath run to waste and is lost—it is a most terrible and grievous thing for a man to be condemned to idleness!—may become like unto one of those burning mountains of which we sometimes read in books of voyages. In him, as in them, the inner fires rage and burn, growing ever stronger and fiercer, until presently they rend asunder the sides of the mountain and burst forth, pouring down liquid fire over the unhappy valleys beneath, with showers of red-hot ashes to destroy and cover up the smiling homesteads and the fertile meadows.

It is true that my father chafed continually at the inaction forced upon him, but his impatience was never so strong as at this time, namely, after the accession of King James. It drove him from his books and out into the fields and lanes, where he walked to and fro, waving his long arms, and sometimes crying aloud and shouting in the woods, as if compelled to cry out in order to quench some raging fever or heat of his mind.

About this time, too, I remember, they began to talk of the exiles in Holland. The Duke of Monmouth was there with the Earl of Argyle, and with them a company of firebrands eager to get back to England and their property.

I am certain now that my father (and perhaps through his information, Sir Christopher also) was kept acquainted with the plots and designs that were carried on in the Low Countries. Nay; I am also certain that his informant was none other than Humphrey, who was still in Leyden. I have seen a letter from him, written, as I now understand, in a kind of allegory or parable, in which one thing was said and another meant. Thus, he pretends to speak of Dutch gardening:—"The gardeners," he says, "take infinite pains that their secrets shall not be learned or disclosed. I know, however, that a certain blue tulip much desired by many gardeners in England, will be taken across the water this

year, and I hope that by next year the precious bulb may be fully planted in English soil. The preparation of the soil necessary for the favourable reception of the bulb is well known to you, and you will understand how to mix your soil and to add manure and so forth. I myself expect to finish what I have to do in a few weeks, when I shall cross to London, and so ride westwards, and hope to pay my respects to my revered tutor in the month of June next. It may be that I shall come with the tulip, but that is not certain. Many messages have been received offering large sums of money for the bulb, so that it is hoped that the Dutch gardeners will let it go.

The tulip, in a word, was the Duke of Monmouth, and the Dutch gardeners were the Scotch and English exiles then in Holland, and the English gardeners were the Duke's friends, and H. C. was Humphrey Challis.

I think that Sir Christopher must have known of this correspondence, because I now remember that my father would sit with him for many hours looking at a map of England, conversing long and earnestly, and making notes in a book. These notes he made in the Arabic character, which no one but himself could read. I therefore suppose that he was estimating the number of Nonconformists who might be disposed to aid in such an enterprise as Humphrey's "gardeners" were contemplating.

Robin, who certainly was no conspirator, also wrote a letter from Leyden about this time saying that something was expected, nobody knew what; but that the exiles were meeting constantly, as if something was brewing.

It was about the first week of June that the news came to us of Lord Argyle's landing. This was the beginning. After that, as you will hear, the news came thick and fast; every day something fresh, and something to quicken the most sluggish pulse. To me, at least, it seemed as if the breath of God Himself was poured out upon the country, and that the people were everywhere resolved to banish the accursed thing from their midst. Alas! I was but a simple country maid and I was deceived! The accursed thing was to be driven forth, but not yet. The country party hated the Pope, but they dreaded civil war; and indeed, there is hardly any excuse for that most dreadful scourge, except the salvation of the soul and the safeguarding of liberties. They would gladly welcome a rising, but it must be general and universal. They had for five-and-twenty years been taught the wickedness of rebellion, and now there was no way to secure the Protestant Faith except by rebellion. Unhappily, the rebellion began before the country gentlemen were ready to begin.

(To be continued.)

MR. GLADSTONE'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

A reception was held by Earl and Countess Spencer at Spencer House, St. James's, on July 25, at which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were, in honour of their golden-wedding year, presented with their portraits, painted respectively by Mr. Frank Holl and Mr. Herkomer. On entering the room Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who were accompanied by Miss Gladstone, were received with a hearty welcome.

Earl Granville, on the part of the donors of the portraits, came forward and formally presented them, and also a set of silver vases. He then read a congratulatory address, signed by 116 subscribers, old colleagues or personal friends of Mr. Gladstone, expressing a desire that Mr. Gladstone might long be spared.

Mrs. Gladstone, in a few words, expressed her thanks for and admiration of the beautiful gifts which had been presented to her with so many kindly expressions of regard.

Mr. Gladstone thanked the donors for their beautiful gifts. It was difficult, he said, for him to give any adequate idea of the domestic happiness which he had enjoyed during the fifty years of his married life. To this extent he concurred entirely in the terms of the address. When it came to the allusions to himself a difficulty arose, for he could not help but feel that many of the words used were of too flattering a character. Referring to the long time during which he had been in public life, he said that his conduct had often been criticised—sometimes, perhaps, unjustly criticised—but he could not help feeling that, on the whole, these criticisms had been more to his benefit than the reverse. At all events, he could fairly say that, in the whole of that long retrospect, he could hardly recall in his public life any incident that was in any way painful to his recollection. He thanked them very warmly for their kind presentation.

During the day Mr. Gladstone received addresses of congratulation from a number of political bodies. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were married on July 25, 1839.

Princess Christian has sent a third present to the Bethnal-green Free Library; and has become patroness of the institution.

The Leicestershire and Mid-England Agricultural Show was opened at Leicester on July 25. The exhibition contained large classes of young hunters and cart-horses, and a fine collection of dogs. Among the prize-takers were the Earl of Ellesmere, the Duke of Portland, the Hon. E. Coke, Mr. Muntz, M.P., and Lord Belper.

An important addition has been made to the Royal Navy by the delivery from the contractors of the new first-class battle-ship *Sans Pareil*, which has been built for the Royal Navy by the Thames Ironworks Company. She will be at once completed for sea. She is ordered to be equipped with two 110-ton, one 30-ton, and twelve 6-in. 5-ton breechloaders; twenty-one quick-firing 3- and 6-pounders, eighteen Whitehead torpedoes, and an equipment of machine-guns. The *Sans Pareil* has a displacement of 10,470 tons, and is fitted with engines of 12,000-horse power. She and her sister-ship, the *Victoria*, are the most powerful vessels ever built for the Royal Navy, with the exception of the Nile and Trafalgar. The total cost of the *Sans Pareil*, when fully equipped and ready for sea, is estimated at £814,000.

The availability by the Brighton and South Coast Railway of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the August Bank Holiday, and this will also include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. On Saturday a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by a special day service, and also by the ordinary night service. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight; and on Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 6, day excursions will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square—will remain open until ten p.m. on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3 and 4, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

MR. LOWELL ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

A dinner in honour of the American men and women of letters now in this country was given on July 25 at the Criterion Restaurant. The President of the Society of Authors, Professor James Bryce, M.P., presided, and there was a very distinguished literary company.

The toast of "The Queen and the President of the United States" having been proposed and duly honoured, after a reply by Mr. Waller, the president proposed "Literature." He said this was the first time that American *littérateurs* had been entertained in this way. He hoped, however, it was only the precursor of many similar gatherings at which literary people from both sides of the Atlantic would meet together. There had never been a time since 1776 when there was so much cordiality between the two countries as at present, and he trusted and believed that that cordiality would long exist. The toast, which was received with much enthusiasm, was coupled with the name of Mr. James Russell Lowell.

Mr. Lowell said he could not resist an occasion like this, when the good feeling that existed between the two countries was so strongly emphasised, and seemed so likely to deepen and to increase. If he looked back to anything in his life with satisfaction, it was that he had contributed to that good feeling. He must confess that, having first appeared in print some fifty years ago, he would hardly like to be answerable for his own literature, much less for that of other people. Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper were the first two American authors who were known in Europe, and particularly in England. And it was noticeable that they were the only American authors at that time who were capable of earning their bread by their pens. Another singular thing was suggested to him as he looked back. It was no longer with the *littérateur* a case of "toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail," but where once fortydined for one, now onedined for forty. Mr. Lowell protested that the chairman had done him more than justice in attributing to him so much influence in respect to international copyright. All American authors had long been in favour of it, on the ground of simple justice to English writers. He thought, however, a little injustice had been done to their side—the American side of the question; and he was not so sure that the American publishers were so much more wicked than their English brethren would have been had they had the chance. He could not accept the proposition that there was anything in the American form of government that produced a lower form of morality than existed in other countries. He thought it was the stupidity of our ancestors in making a difference between literary and other property that had been the cause of all the difficulty. Books had always been looked upon as *ferre nature*. His friend and neighbour, Longfellow, once asked him to come and eat a game-pie with him. That game-pie was the only honorarium that he had ever received from this country for reprinting his works. He could not help feeling that there was something monumentally interesting in a meeting like this—the first time that English and American authors had come together in anything like numbers to fraternise, and, if he might be allowed to say so, to *sororise*. He sympathised with the remarks of the chairman in regard to the greater love of his countrymen for the old country, and contrasted the state of things existing now with those in the days of De Tocqueville, sixty years ago.

The other toasts were "The Incorporated Society of Authors"; "American Men and Women of Letters"; "Historians and the Chairman."

Signor G. Focardi, the sculptor of "You Dirty Boy," has executed a bust of Mr. John R. Whitley, the Director-General of the Italian Exhibition. It is a speaking likeness and is now on view in the vestibule of the main building, having been cast in plaster-of-Paris. Signor Focardi's other pieces on view in the Italian Exhibition include "Happy Age," "You Ragamuffins!" "Daddy's Clothes," "Sweet Rest," and "Allegro." There are more than 500 pieces of sculpture in the Exhibition.

The Academic Board of Trinity College, London, has awarded the following exhibitions and prizes, which have been competed for:—The Benedict Pianoforte Exhibition to Maud Carter; the Sims Reeves' Vocal Exhibition to Florence Verrey; the College Organ Exhibition to James Shaw-Ford; the College Violin Exhibition to Herbert Goom; the Gabriel prize to William Packham, A. Mus.; and the National Practical prize to Mary Boothroyd (Bedford centre).

Many large landowners, including the Duke of Northumberland, Sir T. Grove, Bart., Mr. G. P. Fuller, M.P., and Mr. Boyd Kinnear, M.P., have saved their hay again this season by the use of hay-dryers. As the loss to the country from a wet hay harvest ranges from six to twenty millions, Mr. Gibbs, of Gillwell Park, Chingford, states that in order to help in averting such losses in future, he will arrange to have for next season these machines supplied on the three years' purchase system, so as to place them within reach of tenant-farmers and of the men who loan steam-engines. It has been publicly stated by those who possess these machines that their first cost is recouped in from one to three seasons, hence with such an arrangement they will have repaid the investment before the last payment falls due. It appears that when grass is once partly made it is unfit for conversion into ensilage, hence there seems need for some other resource in wet harvests.

A correspondent (R. F.) writes from Douglas, Isle of Man, as follows:—At a time when public feeling is once more awakened to the great historic event which saved England from one of the most terrible efforts ever made to crush her, the following item may prove interesting. On July 25, while one of the trawlers belonging to Mr. J. Coole, of Douglas, Isle of Man, was coasting the southern part of the island known as the Calf, the fishermen secured, at the almost total sacrifice of one of their largest deep-sea nets, an old anchor, which unquestionably belonged to one of the ships of the unfortunate Armada. There is strong evidence that one of the vessels foundered here. Many traces of the wrecks of two great vessels of the Armada have been found close to this—whence the name Spanish Head which is given to the adjoining headland to this day. The anchor now lies at the Tongue, in Douglas Harbour, and is an object of considerable curiosity to the visitors crowding the island at this time.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Captain H. M. Hayward, master; a gold shipwreck medal to Mr. Frank William Hart, first officer; and a silver shipwreck medal and a sum of £2 each to Johan Barpark, Harry Erving, William Allen, and Thomas Driscoll, seamen, of the American steam-ship *Mariposa*, of San Francisco, in recognition of their services in rescuing the crew and passengers of the barque *Henry James*, of Glasgow, which was wrecked off Palmyra Island, an uninhabited islet in the South Pacific, on April 16 last. The *Mariposa* was off Tululia, Samoa, bound for San Francisco with mails and passengers, when news arrived there of the wreck of the *Henry James*. Captain Hayward, without any hesitation, proceeded to the assistance of the castaways, taking upon himself the risk of a heavy fine in the event of breach of contract, and successfully effected the rescue in one of their boats and one of the *Mariposa's*, manned by the first officer and the seamen above named.

NOVELS.

The Mystery of Mirbridge. By James Payn. Three vols. (Chatto and Windus).—A long series of novels by Mr. Payn attests his faculty, which is again shown in this story, of conceiving an original plot, and his grasp of a dramatic situation. The exercise of these talents cannot fail to produce an interesting work of fiction; but little sympathy is excited by the chief characters in this rather uncomfortable story of elaborate dissimulation and selfish domestic intrigue. Lady Trevor, who comes back, after nearly twenty-five years' absence, with her invalid husband and two sons, pretending to be a stranger and a Frenchwoman, in the neighbourhood from which she had disappeared as Letty Beeton, the disgraced daughter of a rustic, and mother of an illegitimate child, is the most important person in the story. Who and what she is, the reader is allowed to know almost from the time of her arrival. The tenderness and fidelity of the mutual affection between her and poor Sir Richard, who had married her as soon as he could, and had lived with her quietly in France, might seem amply to make amends for the indiscretion or sin of their youth. As neither of them ever cared for the dull society of English county gentry, which is here depicted in a very unflattering light, Sir Richard and Lady Trevor had no obvious reason for exposing themselves to the danger of her identification with the erring girl who was believed to have died. The only motive that could have induced her to enter on such a miserable course of deception is the design she entertained of getting her favourite elder son, Hugh, instead of Charles, her second son, born in lawful wedlock, to be acknowledged as the lawful heir to the baronetcy and the Mirbridge estates. A lady of imperfect education might, perhaps, be ignorant, but the knowing novelist, a man of the world, must surely be aware that Hugh could hardly, in any case, enter into possession of a large entailed property and an hereditary title, at his father's death, without producing the certificates of his own birth and of his parents' marriage previous to his birth. The disregard of this legal condition is a signal flaw in Mr. Payn's delineation of the central position in the story. Nobody thinks of tampering with registers or forging certificates, and Lady Trevor's conduct, though unjust and fraudulent, is not absolutely criminal; but such deceit would evidently be futile. Passing over this manifest defect in the plot, we are much interested in her ladyship's severe ordeal of bitter reminiscences, her feelings of shame and continual fear of discovery, the difficulty of maintaining false appearances, in the household and in the village, among her old neighbours, and of eluding the curiosity of other ladies, such as Mrs. Westrop and Lady Jodrell, who have long memories and a keen appetite for scandal. These scenes of her victorious conflict with embarrassing social acquaintance, and that of a bold encounter with Morris, the dishonest land-steward, who suspects her and threatens to expose her, are highly dramatic; while the struggles and sufferings of a clever woman in that situation, who is really not very wicked, demand our compassion, if not deserving of admiration for the fortitude with which they are borne. Her principal antagonist, however, Miss Clara Thorne, the beautiful, cold-hearted, selfish, ambitious daughter of the Rector of Mirbridge, is a thoroughly detestable character, incapable of the softer passions, austere dignified in her behaviour, despising love and contemning the male sex as fools, cowards, and liars for the most part, yet willing to sell herself in marriage for worldly rank and fortune. Hugh Trevor, the supposed heir to such advantages, is soon fascinated by her charms, and the opposition raised by his mother to this unequal match brings about a fierce contention between the strong wills of the two unscrupulous women, hastening the crisis of the story. There is some ingenuity in the device of enabling Clara to identify Lady Trevor with Letty Beeton through the corresponding date in the parish register of births and the inscription on a locket recording her ladyship's birthday. Having thus gained possession of half Lady Trevor's secret, but still not knowing that her elder son is illegitimate, Clara proceeds relentlessly, by a menace of its disclosure, to vanquish the mother's repugnance to Hugh's marrying herself; the illness of Sir Richard, who is slowly dying, leaves the matter in Lady Trevor's hands. The wedding takes place, but Hugh, a surly vicious brute, makes Clara desperately wretched during the honeymoon; and she presently discovers the other half of the secret—that her odious husband is base-born, and has no right to the Mirbridge estate. Sir Richard, however, dies without making any valid sign or testimony of the true state of affairs. Hereupon, the reader is asked to believe that Clara and her mother-in-law, now acting in co-operation with each other, manage to keep possession of the property, sending its nominal inheritor, now entitled Sir Hugh Trevor, Bart., out of the way, and to bestow a large portion of its revenue on Charles Trevor, his amiable brother, who takes Clara's sweet sister, Lucy, for his wife. When Hugh has died of drinking brandy, the baronetcy and the broad acres of Mirbridge at length come into the undisputed possession of his brother Charles, who has never had an inkling of the secret in which his father and mother and himself were so deeply concerned. It is only the two ladies who survive in conscious private knowledge of "the Mirbridge mystery"; but Mr. Payn's readers, as they participate in its public exposition, will know as much about it as they can desire.

The Reverberator. By Henry James. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—The experiences of an American family party travelling on the European Continent have often been portrayed by this agreeable novelist. Characters and manners, rather than stirring adventures, make the writings of Mr. Henry James worth reading; and this tale is a good example, though its plot is very slight. Mr. Dossou, an old gentleman from Boston, quiet and simple in his habits, is staying in Paris with his two daughters, Miss Delia and Miss Francie. They have plenty of money, and know little of the world. A young American connected with the newspaper press, named George Flack, makes their acquaintance and gets into their confidence, with an eye to the hand of Francie, who is a sweet, engaging girl. He is the Paris correspondent of the *Reverberator*, an American "society journal," dealing much in personal gossip. A worthier suitor for the innocent young lady's affections is Gaston Probert, half French, half Carolinian, an amateur artist, a gentleman, a man of honour. Flack is a snob, an adventurer, a sneak; he abuses their favour by prying into the domestic affairs of persons in society with whom they are intimate, and by employing them as material for his published letters of scandal. There is an outburst of just and proper indignation, and Flack is dismissed, while Francie is engaged to Gaston.

They wish to go and dwell where they would never see any newspapers so long as they live. But the *Reverberator* does not stand for all journalism in America, France, or in England; and Flacks are not everywhere to be met with. There is, however, nothing unlikely in the incidents of this amusing story.

A Cloud on St. Angelo. By Cyril Bennett. Two vols. (T. Fisher Unwin).—The author of "The Massage Case," which was forcible, but harsh and crude, pleases us very much better with this more genial story. Its heroine, in a moderate degree, is Helen Rivette, who was residing with her parents on the shores of Naples, when she saw, during an eruption of Vesuvius, a fateful cloud over the neighbouring mountain of St. Angelo: her father died by an accident in the same hour. She comes to England, is engaged as teacher of foreign languages in a girls' high school, and is soon afterwards engaged, in a different sense, to Mr. Evelyn Pierson, heir to a baronetcy and a large estate, with a mansion called Brackmoor Abbey, haunted by the ghost of an uneasy old Abbot. There is another fine estate, Wyckhams, owned by Mr. Alfred Temple, a gentleman in feeble health, addicted to opium, which presently kills him, when the property goes apparently to Dr. Willoughby, an elderly student living with his daughter, Madie, on the Welsh seacoast. Madie, a delightful merry girl of robust and active habits, and of free-hearted, playful disposition, loves Mr. Howard Daly, the manager of Mr. Temple's estate and his cousin. Mrs. Rivette, being a near relation of Dr. Willoughby and of Alfred Temple, gets a bequest of £10,000 at the death of the latter; but a written statement left by him reveals the shocking fact that his wife, Adelaide Temple, was guilty of putting an end to the existence of his elder brother, Ernest, some years before this time, by tampering with his medicine during a long illness. Mrs. Temple, indeed, is no longer living; and the disclosure of her crime has no other serious effect than to clear Dr. Willoughby's mind of dark suspicions that he had entertained with regard to Alfred Temple. He is, however, with an amusing bluntness and rudeness of manner, the most unworldly and generous of men; he dislikes getting wealth, and feels it a great relief to find a codicil, or a second will, making Daly the heir to Wyckhams, instead of himself. Meantime, his daughter, Madie, having gone to stay with Helen at Ivilsham, is seen by Evelyn Pierson, who weakly and dishonourably transfers his affections to her. But Madie is true to Daly, and true to her friend Helen, who is broken-hearted at the inconstancy of her lover. The two girls are upset in a boat on the river, and Helen is drowned,



RAVENS COURT PARK, HAMMERSMITH.

leaving the memory of a noble character and of a pathetic end.

In Hot Haste. By Mary E. Hullah. Two vols. (Bentley).—Germany and England, with people of both nations, alternately present the scenes and figures of this novel, which has much interest of emotion and action. Sabine von Vogelheim, an orphan, the granddaughter of a Baron with small property at Rothenfels, in Nassau, being left poor, and having had an English mother, takes a situation as German governess in our own country. She has a cousin, Georg von Vogelheim, an officer serving with the German Army in France, a man of wild and extravagant courses and of ungovernable temper. Declining to become his wife, she marries, somewhat hastily, Kurt von Weide, of Berlin, who had followed her to England, and who has a solid position and character. On their return to Germany, they meet Georg von Vogelheim, and the two men quarrel; Sabine is led to believe that Kurt has treated her cousin with harshness and unfairness. The married couple are painfully estranged from each other by the indiscretion of interfering friends. Georg, ruined by gambling and borrowing money, loses his inheritance and his rank in the army; he then forges Kurt's name to a bill on which he obtains a loan; the fraud is detected, and he flies from the police, Sabine aiding his escape out of a garret-window of Rothenfels Castle. He is in hiding in the woods; Kurt, who had been absent, comes home and learns what his wife has done. There is a scene in which the desperate outlaw encounters Kurt, who has gone out to save him, accompanied by Sabine. Maddened with anger, regarding Kurt as the author of his misfortunes, Georg fires a pistol at him, and Sabine is wounded. She happily recovers, and the husband and wife are reconciled, while Kurt generously pays the debts of her cousin. A wicked old usurer, Jacob Lilienthal, who had tempted Georg to commit the forgery, is punished by falling into a well.

The council of the Society of Accountants and Auditors have unanimously re-elected Mr. Reginald E. Emson president, and Mr. Jacob Earnshaw vice-president, for the ensuing year.

By permission of the Benchers, the gardens of Lincoln's Inn are open every evening from 6.30 until eight o'clock, and will continue so up to Sept. 21, after which they will be open from five o'clock until dusk during the Long Vacation. The privilege thus granted is intended for the benefit of the poor children inhabiting the densely-populated neighbourhoods.

The Duke of Sutherland has opened a public park at Longton, North Staffordshire, for which he had given forty acres of land, and which has since been laid out, at a cost of £5000, by public subscriptions headed by Mr. J. Aynsley, the Mayor, who gave £2000. The park, which is named the Queen's Park, is in commemoration of the Jubilee.

RAVENS COURT PARK, HAMMERSMITH.

By the energy and public spirit of the inhabitants of Hammersmith, one of the most beautiful inclosed parks in the neighbourhood of London has been rescued from the speculative builder, and secured in perpetuity to the public as a place of recreation and enjoyment. Such places, once numerous, are every year becoming rarer, amidst the ever-advancing ranks of new houses. But the people have here obtained a park ready made, containing magnificent trees and open verdant spaces. Ravenscourt Park, having an area of about thirty-two acres, is situated at the western end of Hammersmith, at a short distance from Turnham-green and Chiswick, whose inhabitants will now equally enjoy its sylvan beauties. The house, which is destined to be the home of the new Public Library recently voted by the borough, occupies the site of what was formerly the residence of the celebrated Alice Perrers, of the Court of Edward III. It is a plain brick building, erected about the middle of the last century, in the style of the French architect Mansart. The property has been acquired at a cost of £58,000, half contributed by the borough of Hammersmith, half by the Metropolitan Board of Works. It was opened, without any ceremony, for the enjoyment of the public, and on the last Bank Holiday was thronged by thousands of visitors.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Lord Coleridge distributed the awards to the successful students of the Royal Academy of Music at St. James's Hall on July 25. The Charles Lucas medal, from a design by T. Woolner, R.A., in memory of Charles Lucas, for the composition of an air and variations for string quartet, was awarded to Dora Bright. The Parepa Rosa gold medal, for the singing of pieces selected by the committee, was awarded to Kate Norman. The Sterndale Bennett prize, for the playing of a pianoforte composition by Sir W. S. Bennett selected by the committee, was awarded to Edith L. Young. The Llewellyn-Thomas gold medal, for declamatory English singing, exemplified in pieces chosen by the committee, was awarded to Kate Norman. A number of other medals and certificates were also distributed.

Previous to the distribution, Schubert's setting of the 23rd Psalm was beautifully sung by certain of the female students; and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie (the principal) made an address pointing out to the prize-winners and others the necessity of earnest and continued study for the furtherance of the art rather than for the object of winning medals and rewards.

Lord Coleridge observed that if he had had the slightest idea of the audience he was to meet and the ceremony he was to take part in, he would have been tempted to decline the honour which was offered to him, and he would, if possible, now take refuge in a well-known formula, and desire that his speech might be taken as read. Before entering the hall, he had been reminded of what he had entirely forgotten—that sixteen years ago, on the same spot where he was then standing, he had had to make a short speech on a most interesting occasion, when a testimonial was presented to the great English master of those days, Sir William Sterndale Bennett. That was a name which no Englishman, whether he knew much about music or not, could hear without a glow of gratitude and pride, because, although the last sixteen years had undoubtedly made a difference in that respect, yet sixteen years ago he was able to say that Sir William Sterndale Bennett had almost this unique distinction—that, although we had had great musicians, men in whose works Englishmen took great delight, yet no one since the days of Purcell to those of Sterndale Bennett had crossed the seas and had acquired not only an English, but a European reputation. He was happy to think that that statement could not now be made with truth; but it was a comfort to think that in the sixteen years that had elapsed, which had turned the middle-aged advocate into an old Judge, one thing at least remained the same—delight in music, and honour to the great masters of it. He urged those students who had not succeeded in obtaining awards not to be discouraged. They could not all succeed. He hoped at the same time that they all rejoiced in the success of their friends. There was very often, in every profession—certainly in the profession he knew most of—a hand-to-hand and personal conflict, which made it extremely difficult to maintain perfect good-fellowship, perfect absence of jealousy, perfect true good-feeling one with the other; but which, nevertheless, he maintained, was the highest triumph, he was going to say of religious, but, at all events, of moral training; and it was one of the objects which every man engaged in a profession which implied competition should set before himself steadily to pursue. The advantage of those who cultivated their profession in harmony could hardly be overestimated.

The Scriveners' Company have promised £100 to the Endowment Fund of the Polytechnic in Regent-street.

The Earl of Shrewsbury has intimated to his Cheshire tenantry his intention of returning them 10 per cent on their rentals.

The production of the pastoral play, "Le Baiser," by Lady Archibald Campbell and her friends, at Cannizaro Wood, Wimbleton, has been postponed to Tuesday, Aug. 7, owing to the inclement weather.

Mr. H. Cozens Hardy, Q.C., M.P., distributed on July 27 the prizes gained by the students at the University College School, Gower-street. Professor Erichsen, principal of the college, presided, and was supported by several members of the council.

A memorial tablet bearing a medallion of the late Mr. Forster was unveiled in Westminster Abbey on July 27, in the presence of many friends of the deceased statesman. At a meeting held in the Jerusalem Chamber tributes to Mr. Forster's high character were paid by the Dean of Westminster and Lord Knutsford.

The fifty-sixth annual report of the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland has been issued. During the past year the Commissioners made 1321 loans for public works, amounting to £829,766, showing a diminution in number of thirty-seven, with an increase in the money allocation of £206,376, which is entirely due to increased operations under the Labourers' Acts; 444 loans for an aggregate sum of £36,575 were made to tenants to purchase their holdings, against 734 loans for £60,955 in the previous year, the falling off being due partly to the unsettled state of the land question, and more searching inquiry into the security offered by the tenant. The amounts sanctioned under the Labourers' Acts have been on a much larger scale than in any former year.



OUR FUTURE BLUEJACKETS: A SCENE ON BOARD THE TRAINING-SHIP MERCURY, AT RYDE.

FROM A SKETCH BY LOUIS WAIN.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1886), with two codicils (dated Oct. 8, 1887, and March 29, 1888), of Mr. Joseph Allen Piggot, late of Bedford, who died on May 30 last, was proved at the Northampton District Registry on June 26 by Mrs. Mary Jane Houlton Piggot, the widow, and Horatio Piggot, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £140,000. The testator gives £2000 and all his household furniture, pictures, plate, books, and effects to his wife; his residence and the dividends and interest of £20,000 railway debenture stock to her, for life; and legacies to his nephews and nieces, and to his executors. As to the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves one fourth to his said brother Horatio; one fourth, upon trust, for Jane, the wife of his brother John Sampson Piggot, for life, and then for Emily, the only daughter of his said brother; one fourth, upon trust, for Sarah, the wife of his brother James Algernon Piggot, for life, and then for all the children of his said brother; and one fourth, upon trust, for the children of his brother Adolphus.

The will (dated April 26, 1888) of Miss Georgiana Johanna Austin, late of No. 77, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on June 2 last, was proved on July 20 by the Hon. Henry Arnold Lawrence, the Hon. Charles Napier Lawrence, and Hugh McPherson Cumming, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £112,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Bishop of London's Fund, the National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children, and St. Alphege Mission (Southwark); £600 for promoting the objects of the Church Extension Mission (Kilburn Park-road); £500 each to the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Hospital for Consumption (Brompton); £250 to the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond-street); £200 to the Society for the Relief of Destitution in the Metropolis; £150 to St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington); £125 to the Royal National Sea-Bathing Infirmary (Margate); £60 to the Bible and Domestic Mission; £5000 to the said Hon. Henry Arnold Lawrence; her plate and plated articles to Constance Charlotte Lawrence and Gwendoline Anne Bryans; her furniture, pictures, books, household effects, and wines to Mrs. Elizabeth Pauline Davies; and other bequests. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one third, upon trust, for George Herbert Davies; one third, upon trust, for the said Constance Charlotte Lawrence; and one third, upon trust, for the said Gwendoline Anne Bryans.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated April 7, 1885) of the Hon. Bowes Daly, late of Killough Castle, Tipperary, who died on May 20 last, to the Hon. Skeffington Daly and the Hon. Robert Daly, the brothers, the executors, was sealed in London on July 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £96,000. The testator leaves Killough Castle and the estate adjoining, with all the furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, live and dead stock, and implements, to his nephew, James Frederick Daly; £5000 each to his nieces, Florence Daly and Elinor Daly; £250 each to the Irish Society and the Church Education Society for Ireland; and £200 each to the City of Dublin Hospital (Upper Baginbun-street), St. Mark's Ophthalmic Hospital (Lincoln's-place, Dublin), the Convalescent Home (Stillorgan, Dublin), and the Hospital for Incurables (Donnybrook-road, Dublin). The residue of his property he gives to his said two brothers, Skeffington and Robert.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1887), with a codicil (dated March 1, 1888) of Mr. Julius Levis, late of No. 21, Mincing-lane, and of No. 6, Lower Berkeley-street, Portman-square, who died on June 25 last, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, was proved on July 14 by Carl Meyer, Albert Kahn, and Ernest Joseph Cassel, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his daughter Cecile Minna; and £200 to his daughter who shall have charge of his household at the time of his death. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 1, 1886), with a codicil (dated June 29, 1887), of General Frederick Darley George, C.B., Colonel of the Cheshire Regiment, late of No. 67, Brunswick-place, Hove, Sussex, who died on June 2 last, was proved on July 24 by Mrs. Mary Ann George, the widow, John Fox George, the nephew, Frederick Willis Farrer, and William Joseph Jarrett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, the balances at his bankers and army agents, all his furniture and effects (except certain plate and books of which she is to have the use only for life), and an annuity of £600 to his wife, in addition to what is secured to her by their marriage settlement; an annuity of £200 to his said nephew, John Fox George; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for the four children of his late nephew, Thomas Barry George.

The will (dated May 4, 1883) of Mr. Frederick Duke, late of The Woodleighs, Warmingcamp, near Arundel, Sussex, who died on June 18 last, was proved on July 18 by Richard Holmes, Richard Holmes, jun., and George Cosens, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testator gives his freehold house and lands at Warmingcamp, with the furniture, plate, pictures, effects, carriages, live and dead stock, and £5000, to his wife, Mrs. Ruth Duke; and £50 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £1000 per annum to his wife, for life, and subject thereto for his three daughters, Laura Graburn, Annie Duke, and Marion Cosens, in equal shares.

The will and four codicils of Mr. Frederick Champion Robinson, late of No. 25, Mark-lane, who died on May 30 last, at No. 30, Wyndham-street, Bryanston-square, were proved, on July 11, by Henry Mapleton Chapman, and Edward Thirkettle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to the London Hospital (Whitechapel); £2000 each to the Commercial Travellers' School (Pinner), the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution, St. Thomas's Hospital (Lambeth), and the Bishop of London's Fund; £1500 each to the Convalescent Hospital (Walton-on-Thames), and the Hospital for Women (Soho-square); £1000 each to the Boys' Refuge (Commercial-road, Whitechapel), St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Guy's Hospital (Southwark); £500 each to the Little Boys' Home (Farningham) and the Children's Hospital (Paddington); £500 to Christ's Hospital, to found a scholarship to be called the Rokeby Bequest, in grateful remembrance of the benefits conferred on his father, George Robinson, and his uncle, Joseph Robinson, who were both scholars at the Blue-Coat School; he also bequeaths to Christ's Hospital a further sum of £50, and fifteen memorial addresses of the old Patriotic Fund, written by his father, who was a scholar from 1796 to 1802, and the prizes won by his father at the said school, and he wishes them to be exhibited together in some room of the said Hospital as specimens of high-class penmanship.

The will (dated March 8, 1888) of Mr. Leone Levi, of No. 5, Crown Office-row, Temple, barrister-at-law, and of No. 31,

Highbury-grove, who died on May 7 last, was proved on July 17 by Adam Young, John Neill Boyd, and James Ritchie, M.D., the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testator directs that the gold medal presented to him by the Emperor of Austria, the gold medal presented to him by the late King of Prussia, the gold, silver, and bronze medals presented to him by the late Emperor of the French, the insignia of the order of Cavaliere of the Crown of Italy and St. Mauritius and Lazzarus, his book entitled "Honours, Diplomas, &c.," and three volumes presented to him by her Majesty Queen Victoria, with her autograph, be delivered to the Italian Ambassador in London, to be transmitted to the Sindaco of Ancona, he undertaking, on behalf of the Municipality, to preserve them and keep them on view in the Library founded by him in Ancona for promoting technical education. He leaves his household furniture and effects to his wife; and the residue of his property, upon trust, for her, for life; then, as to one half, for her nephews and nieces, and the other half for his nephews and nieces.

OUR FUTURE BLUEJACKETS.

The British Navy, in all branches of its administration, designing and constructing ships of different classes, equipment, repairs, and armament, is the topic most anxiously discussed just now by persons competent to understand those details; and we believe that no subject more urgently demands public attention. Lord Brassey's volume of "The Naval Annual," published this year, has been noticed by us as an invaluable repository of authentic information on all such matters to the date of official reports for 1887, and we expect again to have to refer to it shortly for particulars of much practical importance. The manning of the Royal Navy, for which 44,850 officers, seamen, and boys are required—not including the Marines, the Royal Naval Reserve, the Marine Pensioners, and the Naval Artillery Volunteers—is discussed in a chapter of Lord Brassey's work. It appears that ours is the only Navy in which the ships are manned with a body of men all of whom have been specially trained to the service from boyhood, and it costs £300 to train the boy entered for the fleet into the finished seaman. The system of instruction for boys in the stationary training-ships, of which there are many at various ports, "has been brought to ideal perfection;" and the sea-going squadron of training-ships, in two or three cruises made by each ship every year, continues this instruction; but much injury is too often done to the morals and discipline of young seamen by keeping them in "receiving-ships," in the home ports, exposed to the bad influences of the shore. For the supply of good material of youthful manhood, such an institution as the training-ship Mercury, which is maintained at Ryde by the voluntary efforts of a philanthropic and patriotic association of subscribers, seems to be of real service. There are now about eighty boys on board. A large number have already been entered into the Royal Navy, and others are ready to join either the Navy or the Mercantile Marine. We have no doubt that the scheme is susceptible of development, and we hope it will be liberally supported. Our large Engraving, from a sketch taken by our Artist, Mr. Louis Wain, on board the Mercury, represents the exercise of working at the capstan connected with the anchor. It may be noticed by persons acquainted with seamanship that the boys nearest the capstan are pushing with their hands only; this is because they are not able to stoop to it without risk of being thrown on deck, and for these boys it would be too dangerous to attempt it when the anchor is away. As shown in this drawing, the boys are running round, and two boys are hauling in the slack cable; the anchor is away, and in that case two boys alone could send the capstan going, so that there is no need for any of the boys to push with the chest. Only those boys on the outer circle, therefore, get into the proper position. In going over the hatchway and cable, some of the boys swing over on the bars when they are not looked after. These circumstances will be considered in reference to our Illustration of the scene.

Lord Wolseley has unveiled the memorial to the late Major General Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B., in St. Paul's.

Mr. Edward Benn, barrister, has been appointed Lecturer in Conveyancing to the Liverpool Board of Legal Studies, in succession to Mr. T. Cyprian Williams.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, have been presented with the freedom of the Grocers' Company.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, held on July 28, Mr. J. P. Gassiot in the chair, Mr. H. E. Hunt was elected a Fellow. The chairman announced that the anniversary meeting would take place on Friday, Aug. 10.

The annual exhibition of works of art, for which medals and prizes have been awarded at the National Competition in connection with the Science and Art Department, are open to the public at the South Kensington Museum.

Lieutenant-General Newdigate has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bermuda, in succession to Lieutenant-General Gallwey and in place of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, who has been permitted to decline the post.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has announced his wish to subscribe £100 towards the South London Polytechnic Institute, his subscription to be appropriated to the "Vic," which is part of the general scheme. Messrs. Wigans and Cosier have also promised £600 towards the general fund.

A memorial-window to the late Sir Robert Phillimore, late Dean of Arches, has been placed in Shiplake Church, Berkshire, depicting Moses the Lawgiver and Solomon the just judge. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Sir W. and Lady Phillimore, and the Dowager Lady Phillimore were present at the unveiling.

Chief-Inspector Walker has retired from the police, after a service of fifty-one years. He was attached to her Majesty's household for fifteen years, and on the marriage of the Prince of Wales was appointed to Marlborough House, and has continued in that office up to the present time.

Mr. E. Brodie Hoare, M.P., presided at the annual meeting, on July 25, of the Sailors' Orphan Girls' School and Home at Hampstead; and Mrs. Brodie Hoare distributed the prizes and rewards to the pupils and to former scholars now in service. The home has now eighty-two inmates, orphans of merchant seamen, fishermen, and Royal Navy men; and more could be received if funds permitted.

A general court of the governors of the Orphan Working School was held on July 25, at the Cannon-street Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. W. S. Gard (chairman of the election committee), when ten girls and twenty-two boys were elected to the benefits of the senior school, and three girls and five boys to the junior school. This institution, which is under the patronage of the Queen, has now in the school at Haverstock-hill 316 boys and 152 girls; and at the Alexandra Orphanage there are 103 boys and 54 girls; bringing the total number of children supported by the charity up to 630.

MUSIC.

The musical activity of London will be well maintained by the series of Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre, which will begin on Saturday, Aug. 11; again under the lesseeship of Mr. W. Freeman Thomas, and with Mr. Gwyllym Crowe as conductor. The opening night has been postponed for a week in consequence of the prolongation of Mr. Augustus Harris's season at the Royal Italian Opera, which (as already recorded) was continued until July 21—a fortnight beyond the original intention—in consequence of the success of the performances. Mr. Thomas's arrangements for his new series (the seventh) of the Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts include the re-engagement of Mr. J. T. Carrodus as leading and solo violinist—this and the conductorship being thoroughly satisfactory appointments. The arrangements altogether are of a kind that promise an unusually brilliant season, and one that will provide amply and worthily for musical tastes of various kinds during the interval between the close of the opera season and the commencement of the autumn and winter serial concerts. Mr. W. F. Thomas's list of solo vocalists includes the names of Mesdames Valleria, Scalchi, Patey, and Stirling; Mdle. Nikita; Misses Anna Williams and A. Whitacre, Mesdames Rose Hersee and C. Samnell, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. H. Piercy, Mr. C. Banks, Mr. O. Harley, Mr. Santley, Signori Foli and Novari, Mr. B. Foote, Mr. Ludwig, and others. A grand orchestra of about one hundred and fifty performers will occasionally be reinforced by the band of the Coldstream Guards.

Signor Bottesini's concert, which took place recently at St. James's Hall, deserves some further recognition than it has already received. The concert-giver's unrivalled mastery of the double-bass was displayed in several pieces of his own composition, including an effective duet for contra-bass and violin, the latter instrument skilfully sustained by Signor Passini, who also contributed solo pieces, as did Signor T. Mattei, the eminent pianist. Vocal performances were features of the concert, Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Stirling, Miss A. Marriott, Mr. F. King, Mr. De Lara, Mr. Maybrick and others having appeared, among them having been Miss Erni, a new-comer, who displayed a voice of agreeable quality, sufficient power, and extensive upper compass, and was favourably received in her execution of Rodé's air with variations.

The Royal Academy of Music gave a students' orchestral concert recently at St. James's Hall. In instrumental performances and in composition especially good proofs were afforded of the excellent results arrived at by the system of tuition pursued at the institution. A manuscript pianoforte concerto, composed and performed by Miss Dora Bright, was a prominent feature of the programme, both as to the merits of the work and the excellence of its rendering. Other commendable pianoforte performances were contributed, and special effect was produced by Mr. G. Walcott's skilful execution of the first portion of Beethoven's violin concerto, and skill as a flautist was evidenced by Mr. F. W. Griffiths in two movements from Molique's concerto. Among the vocalists, Miss Martha Davies and Mr. M. Humphreys are entitled to commendation. The concert was conducted by Dr. Mackenzie, Principal of the Academy. The institution now referred to held, on the following day, its annual award of prizes, which were distributed by Lord Coleridge, by whom and by the Principal appropriate addresses were delivered.

The recent orchestral concert by students of the Royal College of Music, at Alexandra House, also showed good results from the course of instruction pursued by the Kensington establishment. Schubert's great symphony in C and other orchestral pieces, Schumann's concertstück with Miss M. Osborn as pianist, and vocal pieces, testified to the efficiency of the institution. Professor Villiers Stanford conducted.

The annual prize festival of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, at Upper Norwood, was recently held at the Crystal Palace, Viscount Middleton having presided. The awards were made by Lady Playfair. An excellent concert included the co-operation of the Crystal Palace orchestra, conducted by Mr. Manns and Mr. W. H. Cummings; the programme having included effective performances by students of the college.

The concert of Signor Tito Mattei, which recently took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon, Belgrave-square, included skilful pianoforte performances of the concert-giver, some of his own compositions having been included in a programme that was contributed to by several eminent vocalists and instrumentalists.

The Irish concerts, given under the direction of Mr. Ludwig, in the new concert-hall adjoining the Irish Exhibition, have proved so successful that they are being continued. Popular vocalists (including Mr. Ludwig) contribute to attractive programmes of a distinctly national character, and the performances are such as must be welcome to large numbers in the surrounding neighbourhood.

Our previous notice of the Chester Festival was necessarily incomplete, most of the performances having taken place too late for record until now. The only novelty occurred in the Thursday's programme, July 26, on the morning of which day was produced Mr. Oliver King's setting of the Psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," a composition of somewhat mixed character and unequal merit; the later portions of which are by far the best, particularly the very effective concluding chorus, "Remember the children of Edom." The incidental soprano solo passages were well sung by Miss Anna Williams; some of the choral singing (owing, perhaps, to the forced harmonic treatment) having been less satisfactory than in other works during the festival. Verdi's "Requiem" was a specialty at the morning performance now referred to, the soloists having been Madame Nordica, Miss Damian, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton. The performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," at the first of the two miscellaneous concerts in the Music-Hall (on July 25) needs merely a recognition of the repeated success of a work that has been received with deserved favour in numerous localities since its first production at Leeds, in 1886. The soloists at Chester were Madame Nordica, Miss Damian, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Grice—the last named a young baritone of much promise. The other evening concert (on July 26) consisted of miscellaneous items requiring no comment. The closing day (July 27) included Beethoven's oratorio—or, rather, cantata—"The Mount of Olives," as adapted and Englished, under the title of "Engedi"; the solo vocalists having been Miss Anna Williams, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Grice. The work was preceded by Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor; and the remainder of the day's programme was devoted to Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with Miss Williams, Madame Belle Cole, and Mr. Lloyd as solo vocalists. The evening of the date just referred to closed the festival with a performance of Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," in which the principal solo vocalists were Madame Nordica, Miss Damian, Mr. W. Nicholl, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Santley. The festival performances have been generally efficient, the orchestra having been Sir Charles Hallé's celebrated band led by Herr Strauss; and the chorus of proportionate strength and importance. Dr. J. C. Bridge, organist of Chester Cathedral, fulfilled the office of conductor with care and zeal.

THE PLAGUE OF CRICKETS IN ALGERIA.

The lamentable visitation of destructive insects by which the whole province of Constantine, in the French dominion of Algeria, has this year suffered enormous damage to its crops of every kind of grain, was at first attributed to locusts, supposed to resemble those of ill-fame, ancient and modern, in the countries of Western Asia and the Levant. It has since



ADULT WINGED CRICKET (*STAURONOTUS MAROCCANUS*),
MALE AND FEMALE.

been ascertained that the present enemy is neither the locust nor the migratory grasshopper, but a native species of cricket, known to scientific entomologists as the *Stauronotus Maroccanus*, which is bred on the dry and bare highlands above the Tell of Algeria, and elsewhere on the slopes of the Atlas mountain range, and which has been observed, during the past three years, descending into the cultivated region of Algeria, towards the shores of the Mediterranean. Its ravages have been experienced in Morocco, it is said, on several former occasions.

The locust, the cricket, and the grasshopper belong to different families of the Saltatoria, or leapers, a section of the order of orthopterous insects. The famous or infamous migratory locust of Asia and Africa is a big insect, two inches or two inches and a half long, with strong hind legs of nearly the same length, making prodigious jumps, and is therefore a rapid traveller. Woe to the country over which it travels! "They consume as a fire, and the land is utterly burned up." The prophet Joel gives a terrible, but exact, description of the locusts in Judea. When in the wingless condition, in May and June, their arrival is more to be dreaded than after they begin to fly; because, in the latter state, vast clouds of them may be driven aside by the wind. Through such a cloud in the sky overhead, the sunlight is yellow, as through a smoky fog. Where they have descended, every blade of grass, every leaf of a tree—the very bark, if tender, of many trees—with all fruit and grain, will presently disappear. They are not stopped by the water of a shallow pool or stream, for the bodies of those who first enter it soon form a bridge, over which the mighty



EAR OF BARLEY, INTACT.

CRICKET ATTACKING
THE CORN.

host can pass. Cold rainy weather may kill them, but human efforts do comparatively little; though in Cyprus, seven years ago, by order of the British Government, and by the digging of ditches, with the sides lined so that they could not climb out, 250 tons of dead locusts were obtained, and their weight is above ninety million insects to the ton. Where huge heaps and banks of their rotting bodies have remained on the ground, the pestilential stench has been smelt a hundred miles away. They supply, however, an inexhaustible store of food to many



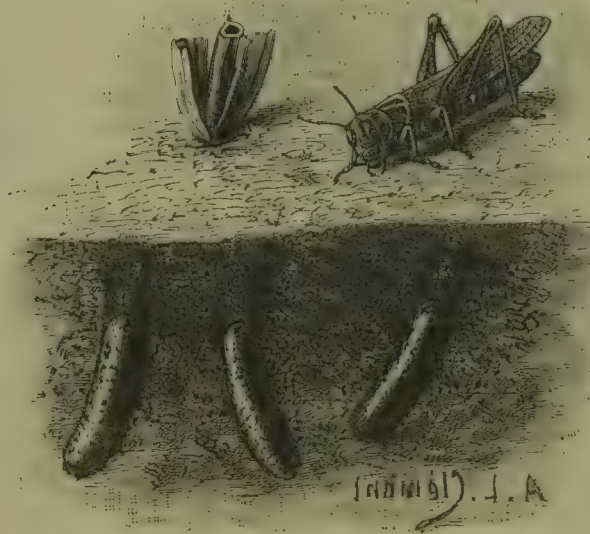
CORN HALF-EATEN
BY CRICKETS.

CORN-STALK ENTIRELY
STRIPPED.

RELIC OF HUSKS.

kinds of birds, to some beasts, and to all sorts of worms and reptiles.

The *Stauronotus Maroccanus* is a very noxious creature. The female, which is the larger, measures three-quarters of an inch to an inch and a quarter in length, and the male commonly about three-quarters of an inch. Its colour is russet or reddish brown; the corselet on the back is marked with an oblique cross, and there are vertical bands of alternate light and dark hues along the lower part of the body. The pair of adult insects, male and female, furnished with powerful wings, of which we give an illustration, are parents of this pernicious race. The female seeks to lay her eggs about the end of June, or at the beginning of July. She chooses dry and sterile ground, in a situation not likely to be disturbed; and uses a natural apparatus, a valvular sucking tube, at the extremity of her abdomen, to lift and remove the grains of sand, boring a hole in the earth, about an inch deep. In this hole she deposits the ovary, a cylindrical case or shell of hardened mucilage, three-quarters of an inch long, containing all her eggs, some forty in number, very neatly packed together; then she covers them by filling up the hole. They are slowly hatched by the heat of the sun in the earth, where they remain nine months, until the new-born insect emerges, in the spring of next year, a little white caterpillar, which speedily becomes a cricket, and is then quite ready to attack and devour the graminaceous plants for which it has a predilection. They swarm in millions all over the land, and by a mysterious instinct are guided to distant corn-fields, advancing in vast and dense columns with a wide front, keeping the closest possible array, to conquer and despoil the agricultural industry of mankind. While on the road through the wilderness, or in a pastoral region, they will eat grass or any green herb; but, as soon as they enter a field of wheat or barley, it is a wonderful sight to observe their passionate alacrity. They rush at every cornstalk, five or six of them climbing up it at once, and presently gain the top, which bends under their weight. Then, with the sharp-edged shears of their upper-jaw mandibles, two strong horny hooks moving horizontally, crossing each other like the blades of a pair of scissors, they quickly cut the ear of grain to pieces, feeding on its farinaceous part, while they disdain the husks and the stalk. In attacking an ear of barley, they of course begin operations by stripping off the spikelets of its beard, which



CRICKET, WITH ITS OVARIES BURIED IN THE EARTH.

they do not eat; the husk of every grain is also torn off and thrown away. The business-like precision and skill with which these insects go to work, in their foraging among the corn, may be appreciated by the aid of our illustrations showing the different stages in their treatment of the unfortunate plant. Any crumbs of farina that the busy plunderers aloft may let fall to the ground will be eagerly seized by the vast multitude below, which cannot find an unoccupied stalk to ascend; but, unless they happen to be furnished by a very long march over bare ground, they despise the husks and straw. The insect army, gorged with a plenteous repast, and perhaps exulting in its victorious prosperity, marches on to fresh fields and pastures new. The agriculturists of the neighbouring village are ruined. It is all over in a few hours. The *Stauronotus Maroccanus*—a tremendous name for a terrible tiny foe—has conquered and devastated the country in a very brief campaign more effectually than would have been done by a barbarous human invader.

These ravages, in the part of Algeria where they have most prevailed, already extend over a territory three or four hundred miles in length, and the estimate of the damage at six or seven million francs, which was made some weeks ago, has probably been much exceeded. The aspect of the country this summer is dismal and distressing; the cultivators are in despair, and the attempts to kill or drive away the insects have been quite unsuccessful. It seems impossible to stop them on the march, or to do anything with them afterwards, when they have taken wings to themselves; the only plan to be recommended is that of searching, in the autumn and winter, for the places where they have laid their eggs, and either destroying the vitality of these by some chemical application, or watching for the appearance of the caterpillars, in March or April, and killing them before they can do any mischief.

Locusts, in most parts of the north of Africa, have always been dreaded as the most formidable natural enemy. The Arabs, however, eat locusts, as John the Baptist did; and one would not object to them boiled, with wild honey, or stewed in butter. Among the numerous accounts of them, in different countries, is that of Mr. Barrow, who visited a territory where, he says, they covered an area of 2000 square miles. They had reached a broad river; and, in endeavouring to get at the reeds growing along its banks, such enormous quantities of the insects had been drowned that the whole river was filled with their dead, so that its water remained scarcely visible when he was there. On the sea-shore, when the winged insects came there, a strong wind drove them into the sea, which afterwards cast their bodies up on the beach, forming a bank 3 ft. or 4 ft. high, for a length of fifty miles along the coast. It is a mercy to southern Europe that they cannot travel across the Mediterranean.

PUBLIC ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

The report of the Committee of Council on Education for the year 1887 has been issued. It states that on Aug. 21, 1887, there were 19,267 day schools under separate management on the list for inspection and claiming annual grants, and these schools had accommodation for 5,311,662 scholars. The number of scholars on the register was 4,660,301, and the average attendance was 3,544,564. 19,154 schools were inspected in 1887, while the increase of the population during the year was estimated at 1.35 per cent, the accommodation had increased by 133,700 school places, or 2.6 per cent. The local effort which has resulted in this improvement might be measured by the continued support derived from voluntary contributions, these reaching the sum of £743,727, against £742,597 last year, and by an advance in the contributions from rates to the maintenance of Board schools from £1,169,150 to £1,194,900. The Committee were sorry to find that the education of so many children of ten years of age and upwards was discontinued as soon as by passing the presented standard they were freed from the obligation to attend schools and became entitled to go to work.

The Duke of Cambridge presented the prizes and commissions on July 26 to the cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. It was stated that none of the competitors had failed in qualifying for a commission.

The annual exhibition of the Surrey Floricultural Society was opened on July 25 by Mr. J. Blundell Maple, M.P., in the grounds of Casino House, Herne-hill, lent for the purpose by Mr. Sutton Gover. The exhibits were of an exceptionally high order of merit, but the bad weather was greatly against the success of the show. The exhibition remained open next day.

Lord Herschell presided on July 26 at the annual distribution of prizes at the hall of the Middle Class Schools Corporation, Cowper-street, City-road. He was supported by several members of the Council and Governors of the Corporation, and a large company attended the ceremony. The report of the examiner, Mr. Arthur Gray, was of a congratulatory character.

A deputation from North London waited on July 26 upon Mr. Anstie, one of the Charity Commissioners, and asked for assistance in the establishment of technical and recreative institutes in that district. The Commissioner said he regretted that in North London public opinion was not so unanimous as it was in the South. They should first decide upon suitable sites, and then see what assistance could be obtained locally.

Lord Lansdowne was, on July 26, entertained by Lord Northbrook at dinner, previous to his departure to assume the Viceroyalty of India. An address from Indian residents in this country was afterwards presented to the Marquis, who, in reply, alluded to the material progress made in India during the Queen's reign, and rejoiced that they had come to rely more on the sympathy and goodwill of the people, and less upon physical force.

For the August Bank Holiday the Great Eastern Railway Company announce cheap excursion bookings on Saturday, Aug. 4, from London (Liverpool-street), via their new line and the cathedral cities of Ely and Lincoln, to Huddersfield, Ashton, Manchester, &c. A special booking-office will be opened at the Liverpool-street Station to Aug. 4 for the issue of ordinary tickets, and of fortnightly and Friday or Saturday to Tuesday cheap tickets to the seaside, for use on forward dates. A special midnight train will leave Liverpool-street on Sunday night, Aug. 4, for Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft, via Ipswich, calling at the principal intermediate stations. On Bank Holiday, excursion-trains will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street for Yarmouth, Cambridge, and Ely, and Liverpool-street for Clacton, Walton, and Harwich. Excursion tickets will be issued by all trains to Epping Forest, Broxbourne, and Rye House.—Cheap tickets will also be issued by this company via the Harwich route, enabling passengers to visit the Brussels Exhibition, the Ardennes, and Holland. Passengers leaving London and the North on Friday or Saturday can reach Brussels the next morning and return on Monday, arriving in London and the North on Tuesday. The company has arranged, in conjunction with the General Steam Navigation Company, a special excursion to Hamburg at single fares for the return journey.



COLLECTING AND COUNTING BUNCHES OF BANANAS IN JAMAICA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, whose sketching mission "Across Two Oceans" has already contributed much that we hope was acceptable to the readers of this Journal, visited other islands of the British West Indies besides those which have supplied the subjects of Illustrations hitherto published. Jamaica, the largest of them, and not the least interesting, though not the most prosperous, was, of course, included in his route. As a field of sugar-planting industry, from various causes it has been obliged to yield the repute of superiority to Trinidad and Demerara; but few countries in those latitudes are endowed by Nature with such a variety of soils and climates, and capable of such diversity of marketable products;

and in the upland districts, where the temperature is moderate at all seasons, Englishmen could live and work as happily as in the south of Europe. Fruit-growing, of almost every kind, with a good market in the United States of America, may be recommended to settlers in Jamaica as a promising enterprise; and the following notes on that subject give correct information:—

"The export of bananas from Jamaica to America has of late years become important. The Atlas Steam-ship Company, trading between Jamaica and New York, carries at least 50,000 bunches of bananas every month, besides other steamers trading with Kingston. The Atlas steamers call for this favourite

fruit at Kingston, Port Morant, Morant Bay, and Annatto Bay. The other companies' vessels carry from 8000 to 10,000 bunches per month. Besides this large quantity of bananas, there are from 10,000 to 15,000 barrels of oranges exported from the island to New York, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, and other ports.

"The banana-tree bears but one bunch in its life; and when this is cut, the tree dies, leaving, however, numerous suckers, which soon come up, and thus replace the old tree. The growth is very fast; it is going on all the year round. Some bunches weigh as much as 150 lb., the average being from 80 lb. to 90 lb. The average number of bananas on each bunch is about 200.



CARRIAGE OF BANANAS FROM THE FIELD TO THE WHARF, ANNATTO BAY, JAMAICA.



ON THE WAY TO MARKET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.



THE CASINO, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, WITH THE SWITCHBACK RAILWAY, THE TOWN, QUAY, FLOATING DOCK, AND SWIMMING BATHS.

The fruit is very delicate, and requires much care in cutting, transit, and shipping. Too much heat in the hold of the ships will ripen it too quickly, so that often a whole shipload may arrive in New York worthless and rotten. On the other hand, an excess of cold will chill the fruit, so as to make it unfit for the market. The proper temperature should be from 50 deg. to 60 deg. in the hold. The best fruit-steamers trading in the West Indies are especially ventilated for the purpose.

"In the first Sketch, women, who are the principal workers in the field, are to be seen carrying the bunches on their heads, from the tree to an open spot, where they are packed in carts, to be taken down to the store at the seacoast. In their working dress, as in most parts of the West Indies, the women tie a string round themselves, and then, drawing the dress up through it, succeed in arranging the dress short enough, so that they may not be prevented from walking freely.

"The carriage of the fruit to the shore is undertaken by both sexes, the men driving male and pony carts (and many quiet races take place on the road), and the women carrying bunches on the head—young girls coming in for their share of the work. The fruit is then carefully packed in large sheds to await the arrival of the steamer, which has, of course, either been telegraphed, or is known to be due on a certain day. On board the Ailsa steam-ship, the bananas arrived quite green, but in five days they were ripening in quite an alarming manner. This shows what judgment is necessary for the proper picking and packing to insure the arrival of the fruit in America in good condition.

"Immediately on the arrival of the vessel in the port or bay the process of loading small boats is begun. This is done, of course, again by women; the only men to be seen about are the overseers and contractors. The boats, when full, are rowed alongside the steamers, and the fruit is carefully packed away in the hold. The steamer I was on actually took on board 15,000 bunches, which seemed to change but very little on the voyage. It is a favourite fruit in America, and is continually advancing in public taste.

"There is a market in Kingston, Jamaica, every day; but Tuesdays and Saturdays are the busy days. The Gordon Town road, from a very early hour, presents a curious sight, with the native villagers coming into town to sell their produce. They bring innumerable baskets, full of yams, bananas, peppers, beans, and home-made cakes, piled up one on top of the other, each basket on a woman's head. They come a great distance, many of them twenty or twenty-five miles, and return the same day or night, most of them preferring to do the walk home at night when it is cool. One cannot go far in the West Indies without seeing a rum-shop, and I send a sketch of one with the market people halting there and refreshing; bread is also to be bought at the same shop. I have no doubt that the poor donkeys, which, I think, are badly used, are very glad of the rest."

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

Our Illustration presents a general view of this agreeable and very accessible watering-place on the shore of France, a visit to which will be a very pleasant change for holiday seekers who crowd the Kentish coast. Almost within sight, and to be reached in a hundred minutes by steam-boat, they will find a picturesque foreign city with an animated port and pier, and one of the finest bathing-stations and Casinos in France. At Boulogne, too, there is inexhaustible accommodation for visitors. A stay in Boulogne is now rendered more attractive by the Grand Casino, in which Mr. Hirschler, the spirited proprietor, has done more in four years than did the previous administrators in forty. At the Casino will be found a newly-arranged hydropathic establishment; swimming-baths, continually renewed with fresh sea-water, and professors to teach the art of swimming; and several hundred bathing-machines, the most commodious and best administered in Europe.

On these sands, free from shingle or rock, families can bathe, and children can paddle the livelong day, while the boats of the Humane Society are constant in their attendance for the prevention of accidents. The bathing here is considered healthy and safe at any time of the tide or day, provided that a couple of hours be allowed for digestion; whereas bathing in England finishes at noon or at one o'clock, after which time it is either contrary to the "bye-laws" of the town or declared by the faculty to be injurious to health.

There is no lack of social and intellectual amusement at Boulogne. At the Casino there is a band of sixty musicians, performing twice daily, in the delightful garden. The theatrical entertainments are either comedy, vaudeville, or opéra comique by some of the leading Paris artists. There are children's balls and balls for adults at frequent intervals. The ball-rooms, theatre, and drawing and reading rooms, the restaurant, café, and billiard-rooms, are lighted by electricity, and thousands of fête and illumination lamps in the gardens are furnished in like manner.

A new feature has been added to the Casino: the old skating-rink and lawn-tennis grounds have been abolished, and in their place have sprung up flower-beds, parterres, and shrubberies. A music kiosk has been erected, with a fountain, tents, lounging-seats, and tables, and an outdoor café service. A continual source of amusement is the switchback railway, which has been erected on the grounds during the recess. On the same premises will be found a fencing-saloon and a shooting-gallery, and the swimming-school; the hot and cold baths are close by. The Casino is well and worthily recommended, as is also the first-class restaurant, with a celebrated chef from Paris, at which Government and other public official banquets are frequently held. The subscription to the Casino is very moderate, and its diverse entertainments can be shared at an outlay not exceeding that paid for inferior entertainments elsewhere.

Within a short distance of the town are the falaises or cliffs with the Napoleon monument. It was on these cliffs that Napoleon III., in 1855, assembled an army, a grand review of which took place on the east sands, in the presence of Queen Victoria. The cathedral, in the Hauteville, with its interesting crypt, is worth a visit. In the Basseville is the Municipal College; on the quay a handsome monument has been erected to the memory of Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination; another statue is that of Frédéric Sauvage, a Frenchman, said to be the inventor of the screw propeller.

There is an excellent "Guide to Boulogne and its Environs," published by Merridew, of the English Library. The view from the sea, shown in our Engraving, displays the grounds and buildings of the Casino, with the town behind, the cathedral, the cliffs, and the Napoleon monument; as also the quay and floating-dock and railway for the arrival and departure of passengers via Folkestone, Boulogne, and Paris. The journey to Paris is within four hours, as the trains of the Chemin du Nord are about as fleet as the express-trains on our own lines. When in Paris, we would remind our countrymen that the Palace and Forest of Fontainebleau invite one of the most beautiful and delightful excursions. The journey occupies little more than an hour, and is accomplished by the trains of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Company, the directors of which have brought Rome within two days' reach of London.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

National Review.—The political philosophy of Mr. Goldwin Smith has a singularly refined standpoint: while looking to the extinction of hereditary monarchy and aristocracy, he disapproves of French and American democracy, and condemns the Revolution of 1789 as a great disaster. The infusion of Asiatic spiritual despair and moral apathy into European thought, by the influence of German metaphysical pessimism, and of Neo-Buddhist speculations, is deplored by Mr. H. G. Keene, who points to a remedy in the encouragement of cheerful popular poetry. Some unpublished letters, from 1677 to 1680, in which the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., and his Duchess, Mary of Modena, comment on the attempts to exclude him, as a Roman Catholic, from the succession to Royalty, are brought to light by Mr. Francis Radcliffe, having remained in the keeping of his family. Mr. H. R. Farquharson, M.P., earnestly advocates "More Tillage" for the benefit of "farm labourers"; but would it be to the profit of the farmers? Mr. W. J. Courthope's idyll of "the Chancellor's Garden," in Spenserian stanzas and in the archaic language affected by Spenser, is rather pleasing. A vigorous and very opportune appeal to Unionists to abolish the Irish Lord-Lieutenancy, with a view to the consolidation of the United Kingdom, by Mr. St. Loe Strachey, deserves the attention of practical politicians. The Rev. J. Hudson, following another clergyman who wrote last month in *Blackwood*, exposes the bad taste, the morbid sentimentality, and the questionable theology of certain Church hymns. Mr. J. Theodore Bent's notices of various incidents in the existing domestic life of the rural population of the Greek islands have some interest derived from comparison with instances mentioned by Homer. The educational and sanitary benefits of learning a handicraft, which is good both for mind and body, are exhibited by Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., a high authority on the prevention, as well as the treatment, of mental disease.

Universal Review.—The third monthly number of this new periodical, edited by Mr. Harry Quilter, and adorned with many fine engravings, sustains its pretensions as an important vehicle of original criticism on matters of art. But it seems injudicious to give the leading place to such a piece of mere political squabbling as Mr. T. P. O'Connor's reply to Mr. Frank Hill's remarks on the alliance of the Gladstonians with the Parnellites—a controversy most uncongenial to the devotees of taste and culture. The editor continues his review of pictures in the Paris Salon, and Mr. J. Raymond Solly gives an account of the teaching of young men and women to be actors and actresses at the Paris Conservatoire. "The Lesson of the Master" is the first part of a short story by Mr. Henry James. A student, thinker, and humourist of original character, Mr. Samuel Butler, author of "Erewhon," complains in the "Quis Desiderio" tone of missing a favourite volume in the British Museum Library. The Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies offers a few wise suggestions on the relief of poverty, and Mr. T. A. Welton shows the utility of well-conducted statistical inquiries. "On a Certain Deficiency in Women"—that of the faculty of coherent impersonal thought—"George Fleming" has a good deal to say. Mr. H. Arthur Smith, in answer to Mr. Grant Allen, upholds the mental endowments of the Teuton, compared with the Celt. The translation of Alphonse Daudet's "One of the Forty," which is a satire on the French Academy, proceeds along with its publication in French. There are two short poems; one, by Mr. Wyke Bayliss, accompanying a view of St. Mark's at Venice.

Macmillan's Magazine.—This is a very good number. The "Ballad of the Armada," by Mr. Rennell Rodd, whose name we have not before met with, comes up more nearly to the ideal style and tone of an English narrative poem, on a glorious martial exploit of our nation, than any other composition in verse on this subject. It is written in those rhymed couplets of long fourteen-syllable lines, often adding one or two unaccented syllables in the changes of a lilting movement, with a varying incidence of rhythmic beats in each line, which are peculiarly congenial to the English language, and are most suitable, we think, to the telling of such an animated story. Mr. Harold A. Perry contributes a valuable article on Gibraltar, concisely describing the singular position of that fortress, narrating the transactions which concerned its acquisition and retention by our own Government, and refuting a Spanish writer, Don Antonio Fernandez y Garcia, who complains of England on this account. It is clearly shown that Gibraltar was taken, and has been held by us, in no spirit of hostility to the Spanish nation, but as an instrument for the protection of Spain against France; and, though some opinions have been expressed in favour of our exchanging Gibraltar for Ceuta, a harbour on the opposite African coast, there is much force in Mr. Harold Perry's view of the importance of keeping the former, as the best means of preserving the shores of Morocco, especially Tangiers, from becoming a prey to foreign ambition, by which the interests both of England and of Spain would be seriously injured. If his remarks on this question should chance to be read by any Spaniard, we trust they will be received in the same friendly and candid spirit in which they are presented. Meanwhile, the defence of Ceuta, which belongs to Spain, appears to be the needful complement of British preparations to make use of Gibraltar for commanding the Straits, and for securing the safety of our traffic in the Mediterranean during any war with a great naval Power. The real interests of Spain and of Great Britain are so far identical, and they might probably be allies, finding our custody of Gibraltar advantageous both to the one and to the other. Among the remaining contents of this magazine are Mr. Goldwin Smith's argumentative strictures on the vague project of "Imperial Confederation"; Lord Coleridge's personal reminiscences of the late Principal Shairp; the continuation of Mr. Walter Pater's biographical romance of the French Renaissance, "Gaston de Latour"; the commencement of "Cressy," a Californian story, by Bret Harte; articles on gardening, on the late Sir Francis Doyle's poetry, and some hitherto unpublished letters of Keats.

Murray's Magazine.—A plan for the organisation of a naval volunteer force to protect our commercial shipping at each of the British mercantile ports, is ably set forth by Admiral Colomb, who urges that it is not sufficient to fortify and defend the ports, but that the vessels approaching or leaving them, to the aggregate number of about 1700 daily, valued with their cargoes at many millions sterling, will require active defence near at hand. The value of those entering the Thames and going out of it, for instance, every twenty-four hours, is estimated at nearly two millions; and the Mersey, the Clyde, the Tyne, the Humber, the Bristol-Channel, and many other ports, have masses of floating wealth always within a short distance at sea. Admiral Colomb shows how, in every port, seafaring men could be trained and drilled as volunteers, and suitable steam-vessels could be hired, on board of which, at very small cost, light quick-firing guns for shell practice might be placed, which would enable them to run out and engage the enemy's armed cruisers. We recommend this suggestion to the Admiralty and the Board of Trade, and to British shipowners and merchants, who might contribute a share of the expense. The South-

Eastern Railway, and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, are described in their turn by Mr. W. M. Acworth, giving precise details of the working traffic arrangements, and of the conveyance of mails and passengers to or from the Continent. Turkish administrative corruption, and the intrigues of European contractors or speculators seeking lucrative official jobs at Constantinople, are satirised in a lively piece of historical fiction. The past history of English music is being related, and this chapter is devoted to Purcell. Mr. Morley Roberts tells a thrilling tale of suffering from thirst and want of food in a solitary journey in Australia. The method of training pupils of the dramatic art in the Paris Conservatoire is described by A. Strobell, whose account may be compared with that of another writer, in the *Universal Review*. The story of "The Reproach of Annesley," is continued, and Paul Cushing's "Just for the Fun of it," comes to an end.

Blackwood's Magazine.—Two sonnets by the Earl of Rosslyn, on the death of the German Emperor Frederick III., are here published by the Queen's command. The various collections in the British Museum, and its library and reading-room, constitute a suggestive theme of observation and reflection, which is thoughtfully and agreeably treated. Mr. W. W. Story, the American sculptor of Rome, presents a fine study of the character and genius and works of Michel Angelo, which claims and rewards attentive perusal. There is a pleasant article on John Evelyn's country life at Wotton, and on his knowledge and skill in laying out gardens and planting trees. "A Night in a Scotch Swamp" is the tale of a tourist's adventure in the Isle of Arran. "Wanderings and Wild Sport beyond the Himalayas" is a title that speaks for itself. Several chapters of "A Stiffnecked Generation" are added.

The Woman's World.—Mr. Oscar Wilde's editorship of this handsome magazine for ladies is conducted with tact and taste. The frontispiece is an engraving of Gerard's portrait of the Empress Josephine, of whom Miss Mabel Robinson writes a memoir. "Social Scars," by Miss Mabel Sharman Crawford, refers to the old prejudiced outcries against innovations, such as coaches, umbrellas, and railways, in former times, and now the admission of women to the higher studies and professions. Miss Fanny Currey describes the quaint Irish seaport town of Youghal. Useful hints on cookery are supplied by Mrs. Lebour-Fawcett. There is another chapter of "George Fleming's" tale, "The Truth about Clement Ker." The finding of a dead little mermaid on the seashore, by two little human girls, is the subject of a drawing by Miss Dorothy Tennant, and of a poem by "Violet Fane." A Russian lady painter, Marie Bashkirtseff, lately deceased, has an interesting memoir of her written by Miss Mathilde Blind. Those who approve of Girton, Newnham, and Somerville will like the account of Vassar College for ladies, in America, established twenty-six years ago. Miss Louise Bevington presents her observations on the position of women in Germany, while Mrs. Conyers Morrell discourses of wedding presents. The fashions for August are described.

English Illustrated Magazine.—A Boston story by Mr. Henry James, called "The Patagonia," which is the name of a steam-ship going to Liverpool, is commenced this month. There is a pleasant description, with sketches, of Rugby, the town, school, and neighbourhood; a short story, entitled "Family Portraits"; an account of the Post-Office telegraph's and parcels' departments; further chapters of "The Nation of Ralph Hardelet," Professor W. Minto's historical romance; and two short pieces of verse.

Other reviews and magazines for August remain to be noticed. Mr. Clement Scott's *The Theatre*, containing much that specially concerns the class of actors and actresses, and the amateurs and admirers of their performances, is coroneted with good photographs of Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. F. H. Macklin. Ladies will find many things useful and agreeable to them in *Myra's Journal*, in "Myra's" threepenny *Journal of Dress and Fashion*, and the *Lady's Magazine*, including the *Moniteur de la Mode*, and *The Season*, with patterns for articles of dress and fancy work.

Surgeon George Ridley has been appointed to take charge of the troops at Tullamore, in succession to his brother, the late Dr. James Ridley.

In Rochester Cathedral, on July 28, the Dean, Dr. Hole, held a short service in the nave. Over 500 members of the Church of England Working Men's Society attended with their banners, and, preceded by a cross, formed a procession round the edifice. Prior to and after the service public processions were made through the streets of Rochester and Clatham. About 600 persons sat down to tea, under the presidency of the Dean, in the Corn Exchange.

The annual distribution of medals for gallantry and good-conduct on the part of the men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade took place on July 28, when the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works visited the headquarters in Southwark Bridge-road, and inspected the fine building. After drills, in which engines were turned out in thirty seconds after receiving the calls, the members assembled in the drill-ground, and Mr. Wetenhall, as the late Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee, presented silver and bronze medals to those men who had been selected to receive them.

The Lord Mayor has received the following among other donations towards the Mansion-House Fund which has been recently opened in connection with the holding of the National Agricultural Show in Windsor Home Park next year in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Agricultural Society of England—viz., the Queen £100 (in addition to £200 already contributed by her Majesty to the Windsor Town Fund), the Prince of Wales £50 (in addition to £100 given to the latter fund), Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons £250, Mr. F. Shoolbred £105, Messrs. W. and A. Gilbey £105, Mr. Walter Gilbey £105, the Nitrates Railway Company (Limited) £105, Lord Revelstoke £100, Lord Hillingdon £100, and Mr. J. Stewart Hodgson £100.

The Royal Humane Society has conferred its rewards upon the undermentioned persons for gallantry in saving or endeavouring to save life:—Silver medals to Lieutenant J. W. Pochin, her Majesty's ship *Garnet*; John Robinson, assistant engineer to the Bengal and North-Western Railway, India; and W. Bradley, pier-keeper, at Southend. Bradley has altogether saved nineteen persons from drowning, and, besides the National Life-Boat Institution's silver medal, has also the bronze medal and clasp of the Humane Society. Bronze medals have also been conferred upon Colour-Sergeant T. Tierney, 3rd Inniskilling Fusiliers; Lance-Corporal Done, Royal Lancaster Regiment; John Geddes, ferryman, of Glasgow; James Fursland, Patrick Durkan, Alfred D. Burton, Christopher Ward, G. Endicott (signalman in the Royal Navy), Maurice Murphy, W. Howell (a lad of fifteen), Llewellyn Bowen (dock pilot at Cardiff), Frederick T. Joyce (journalist), and Police-Constable Lucas (Metropolitan Police). Testimonials have also been awarded to W. Herling, Private Harding, R.M.L.I., T. Englefield, J. J. Dovereux, George B. H. Hirst, Police-Constable D. McIntosh, S. Holden, W. Williams, E. Johns, J. Louis, E. Coco, L. Detort, J. Parker, G. Brereton, W. T. Lee, and J. Shirtcliffe.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

BERLIN.

The Berliners call their city with pride the "Kaiserstadt": their greatest pleasure is a military parade; their chief and almost only amusement is drinking a peculiar white beer of local manufacture. There are, therefore, three features of Berlin which particularly strike the foreigner: the innumerable beer-shops and beer-gardens, the omnipresent military element, and the infinite variety of the portraits of the Imperial family. In most cities you will find in the photograph-shops views of the monuments and sights of the town conspicuously displayed; in the Berlin photograph-shops you see nothing but Kings, Emperors, Princes, and Princesses of the Hohenzollern family, beginning with Queen Louisa, the great beauty of the house, who is photographed, from a painting, in the act of teaching the future Kaiser Wilhelm how to play with a wooden cannon. Then we see the first Kaiser in civilian dress, wearing an open waistcoat and a gaudy striped cravat, and looking for all the world like some dandified old banker; Kaiser Friedrich in health, in sickness, on his death-bed, and, finally, lying in state; the new Kaiser Wilhelm, surrounded by his family; also portraits of the Crown Prince, a dot of a boy of five years of age, dressed in military uniform, and saluting with his sword. Here are scores of portraits of Moltke and Bismarck and other military notabilities, portrait-groups of officers, instantaneous photographs of military manoeuvres. "But where are the photographs of Berlin itself? Have you no views of the city?" one asks the shopman. "Ja, mein Herr, ja wohl!" And he brings forth from the drawer a bundle of views. "Here is the front view of the Kaiser's palace, showing the historical window where Kaiser Wilhelm used to come to show himself daily to the crowd gathered on Unter den Linden; here is the palace of the Crown Prince; the monument of Frederick the Great; the cannons on the Castanien Platz brought from Mont Valerian; the Imperial Guard House, showing the arrival of the new guards; the Arsenal; the inside of the Arsenal, showing the flags captured from the French in 1870; the Sieges Denkmal, in commemoration of the defeat of the French in 1870-71." "But have you no views of other sights of Berlin besides these military and imperial subjects?" "Ja wohl, mein Herr, ja wohl!" and the ponderous shopman brings forth in triumph a photograph of Kroll's beer-garden!

Kaiser, war, and beer—such are the preoccupations of the modern Berliners, and such are the features that strike the visitor with a force and frequency that end by disgusting him with this vast and monotonous city of stucco decoration, outside show, military glory, and beer-gardens. The Kaiserstadt has all the disagreeable points of the parvenu: it has not yet become accustomed to its greatness; it is like a pretentious provincial man who, suddenly transported into a metropolitan sphere, puts on knowing airs, and would appear more courtly than the courtliest. Like the towns of America and Australia, Berlin has nothing really old in it. Its growth, again, has been too rapid for reasoned development, and so we find splendour and paltriness side by side, no uniform plan of street pavement, no system of drainage, mere scattered efforts after grandeur and true civilisation.

As I was leaving Berlin I bought at the station a book by Julius Rodenberg, a distinguished German writer, "Bilder aus dem Berliner Leben," in which there are many pages that confirm my impression of Berlin, notably one in which the author revels in the splendour of the Belle Alliance Platz—yet another military monument in commemoration of the victories of 1814. Fifteen years ago he saw this Platz all neglected and buried in sand, and a poor wooden bridge hard by. Now he sees there marble and granite, a handsome stone bridge bedecked with statues, and a park with marble images of War, Bravery, Glory, and of heroes who died for the fatherland. "Were we not the modern Spartans before we sought to win the renown of being the modern Athenians?" asks Julius Rodenberg. "From the column of the Belle Alliance Platz to the Königs Platz (where is the Sieges Denkmal column in memory of the Franco-German war) is a long way. But we have made that way, and it is one long war-street. Military laurels lighten, or darken, everything here: the race that grows up between these two points must be warlike, and a race of soldiers. And are there not trophies on all sides? It is through war that we have become what we have become. We used to be a society of humble folks; we used to live in old-fashioned, uncomfortable, ugly houses, whereas now we have stylish, mighty, colossal houses with marble steps, satin wall-hangings, electric-bells and telephones. . . . And what is the source and origin of all these things? War! The war of 1864, 1866, and 1870."

Herr Julius Rodenberg chuckles with truly German heaviness over the electric-bells and satin wall-hangings; but what he says is doubtless quite true, and it explains, at any rate, the conceit of the Berliners and the domineering "swagger" of the officers who swarm in the streets and cafés on Sundays, and promenade up and down Unter den Linden, leaving no room for ordinary mortals.

I quitted Berlin leaving two enigmas unsolved. One is: Where do the German officers get the money to buy their dress uniforms, which always look quite new? The second is: Can Unter den Linden be compared in length, breadth, magnificence of architecture, and general splendour of aspect with Euclid-avenue, Cleveland, U.S.A.?

A young whale, measuring twenty feet in length, has been captured at Bennington, near Boston.

At Liverpool the annual meeting of the Royal Liver Friendly Society has been held. The premium income for the year 1887 amounted to £382,606, or an increase of £13,386 over 1886, and the claims paid to £216,393. The report was adopted, and a committee was appointed to revise the rules.

Dr. Thomas Wilkinson was on July 25, at the College of Ushaw, Durham, consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop-Auxiliary of the See of Hexham and Newcastle. The ceremony, which lasted nearly four hours, was chiefly performed by Bishop Hedley, who also preached the sermon. The head of the new Bishop was anointed by assistants, and the consecrating Bishop presented him with the ring and pastoral staff.

The Duke of Cambridge, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, made his annual inspection of the Brigade of Guards in Hyde Park on July 25. The troops inspected were the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards from Wellington Barracks, the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, and the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards from Chelsea Barracks. The three bands of the brigade were in attendance, and the evolutions were witnessed by a large and fashionable company. The troops presented a fine appearance, being in full dress, whilst the officers wore their gold sashes. During the absence of the Foot Guards, the guard duty at the West-End was performed by men of the Northamptonshire regiment from the Tower. Their Royal Highnesses were loudly cheered on leaving the ground.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

T. MAXX (New York).—Your inquiry about the "Bohemian Collection" and the solution referred to have not reached us. Solution of No. 2398 acknowledged below.

DELTA.—Your game with Falkbeer shall appear next week. The Sicilian is not forgotten either.

R. F. N. BANKS.—Why is the Pawn required at K Kt 2nd?

A. SERRURIER (Zeebraat, The Hague).—If Black play as you suggest, Q to K 5th mates. We cannot answer by post.

P. DALY (Clapham).—Problem shall be reported on in due course. De la Rue can supply your wants in adhesive characters.

T. B. ROWLAND (Dublin).—Your forthcoming work shall be noticed shortly. Thanks for Mrs Rowland's problems, which, owing to a large supply of two-movers, cannot appear immediately, but shall not be overlooked.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from B. G. Laws, J. Daly, Mrs Rowland, L. Coal, and E. Crane.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2398 received from J. W. Shaw (Montreal), J. Mann, Isonomy, and M. Uphill; of No. 2399 from Fairholme, C. E. P., and J. Dunn; of No. 2310 from C. E. P., Fairholme, J. A. Schmueke, Columbus, and J. D.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2311 received from L. Desanges, Sergeant James Sage, G. J. Veale, W. Hillier, Jupiter Junior, Howard A. E. Phillips, Fairholme, E. Casella (Paris), J. Ross, Dr. F. Sr. J. Dixon, Shadforth, E. E. H. Alpha, C. E. P., H. Lane, J. Roworth Shaw, J. A. Schmueke, Thomas Chown, W. R. Hallam, Dr. G. Waltz, Dine John, Richard Reynolds, J. F. N. Banks, Dawson, T. G. (Ware), R. H. Brooks, Rev. Winfield Cooper, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Merfitt, Julia Short, T. Roberts, J. R. N. (East Sheen), G. T. Addison (York), May & Prichard, Lillie Harris, R. Worters (Canterbury), and F. Ryder.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2309.

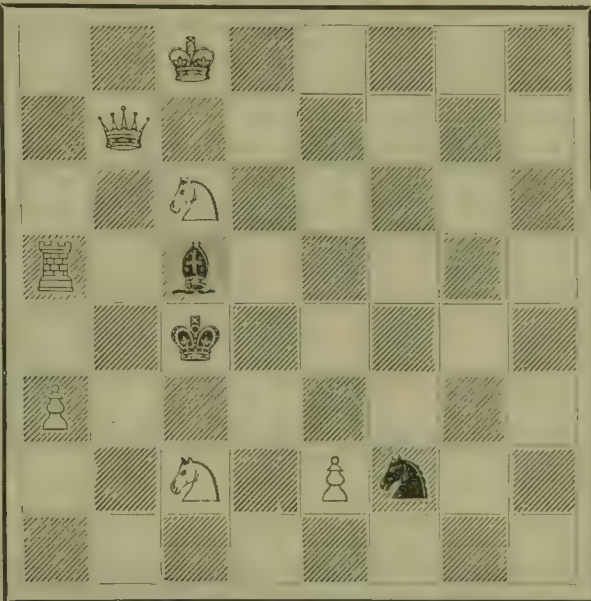
WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to Kt 8th P to Q 4th
2. Kt to R 8th P takes Kt
3. Q mates.

If Black play 1. K takes P, then 2. Q takes P; if 1. K to Q 6th, then 2. Kt to K B 4th (double ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2313.

By J. PIERCE, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

GAMES BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game in the Fraser International Tourney between Mr. W. H. GUNSTON, of Cambridge, and H. F. CHESTNUT, of Hastings; notes by Mr. Fraser.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (W. H. G.)	BLACK (H. F. C.)	WHITE (W. H. G.)	BLACK (H. F. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Black evidently cannot retreat to K 2nd without getting into difficulties.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Q takes K P	B to Q 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	18. R to Q sq	P to K Kt 4th
4. Castles	Kt takes P	19. B to K 3rd	Q to R 4th
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q R 3rd	20. Q to Q 4th	Q takes R P
6. B takes Kt	Q P takes B	21. P to Q B 4th	K to B sq
7. Q to K 2nd	B to K B 4th	22. Q takes P	R to Q sq
8. P to K Kt 4th		23. B takes P	Q to Kt 6th
		24. R takes B	
		White plays very cleverly throughout.	
9. Kt takes P	B to Kt 3rd	25. B takes R	P takes R
10. Kt takes B	Q takes P	26. Q to Q 4th	K takes B
11. Kt to B 3rd	R P takes Kt	27. Q takes P (ch)	P to B 4th
12. B to B 4th	P to K B 4th	28. Q to K 6th (ch)	K to B sq
13. Q R to R sq	Castles	29. Q to K 2nd	P to Kt 4th
14. R takes R (ch)	Q to Kt 5th		
15. Kt takes Kt	K takes R	Black obviously has no resource left.	
16. P to Q B 3rd	P takes Kt	30. P takes P	P takes P
	Q to B 4th	31. K to Kt 2nd.	
			and wins.

Game played between Mr. W. T. PIERCE and Mr. F. S. PILLEAU.

(Pierce Gambit.)

WHITE (F. S. Pilleau.)	BLACK (W. T. Pierce.)	WHITE (F. S. Pilleau.)	BLACK (W. T. Pierce.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q takes P	K to Kt 2nd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	He is now pretty safe from all danger.	
3. P to B 4th	P takes P	20. Q to B 4th	B to Q 5th (ch)
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	21. K to R sq	Kt to B 4th
5. P to Q 4th		22. R to B 4th	
These moves constitute the gambit.		22. To prevent Kt to Kt 6th (ch), &c.	Q takes P (ch)
6. B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th		
7. Castles	P takes Kt	23. K takes Q	Kt to K 6th (ch)
8. Q takes P	B to K 3rd	24. K to R sq	Kt takes Q
9. B takes B	P takes B	25. R takes P	B takes Kt P
10. B takes P	Q to B 3rd	26. R to K Kt sq	
11. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd	If R to Q Kt sq, Kt to Q 7th wins the exchange.	
This is, probably, Black's best move.		26. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd
12. P takes P	P takes P	27. K R to K Kt 4th	Kt to K 2nd
13. B to K 5th		28. P to B 4th	K to Q 2nd
P to Q 5th is a stronger move.			
13. Kt to Kt 5th	B to Kt 2nd	An error by which he loses his chance of winning the game; he should have played K to Kt sq, ensuring the gain of the Kt.	
White could scarcely afford to sacrifice two more pieces for the sake of the look.		29. P to B 5th	Q Kt to B 4th
15. Kt to B 7th (ch)	K to Q 2nd	30. R to Q Kt sq	R takes Kt
16. Kt takes R	P to K 5th	31. R takes B	P to Kt 3rd
17. Q to Q Kt 3rd	K to B sq	32. P takes P	P takes P
Black still had to exercise considerable care to avoid complications.		33. R takes P	R takes P
18. P to Q 5th	P takes P	34. R to K Kt 2nd.	
			and the game was drawn.

Pierce Gambit, Chess Papers and Problems. By James Pierce, M.A., and W. Timbrell Pierce (Trubner and Co.).—The authors of this volume have already made a name for themselves in chess literature, and they have bid for something more lasting by standing sponsors to a new opening. Without attempting in our limited space any examination of the analysis they submit for criticism, we may say it is a variation of the Vienna Opening, one form of which has already given us the Steinitz Gambit and another the Hampe Allgauer. Like the last named, the Pierce Gambit is a combination of two forms of attack, the Muzio being, as the authors phrase it, "grafted to the Vienna stem." It undoubtedly leads to a powerful onslaught in the hands of a player familiar with its pitfalls for the defence; but the inherent unsoundness of the sacrifice remains, and it will probably never rank in high-class play. Messrs. Pierce fully justify, however, their claim to have introduced a most interesting addition to the attacking openings. The other contents of the book comprise papers—mainly critical—on chess questions, such as the relative value of pieces, the element of chance in the game, the standard of merit for problems, &c., all of which are discussed with much clearness of thought and expression. Some poems of real merit, with, as might be expected from the dedication, a marked Tennysonian ring, follow, and 131 problems complete the work. Altogether, it is one upon which the authors are to be complimented, for it may be safely said that so much talent and versatility are rarely seen in a work exclusively relating to chess. We select for publication above a problem by Mr. J. Pierce, and a game illustrative of the opening, with the author's own notes.

PIN-PRICKS.

It may safely be asserted that half the wretchedness in the world is caused by trifles; or, rather, not so much by the trifles themselves as by the exaggerated dimensions we persist in attributing to them. In things that concern our interests, our ambition, our self-love, or our vanity, we are morbidly sensitive; we look at them through magnifying-glasses, until the merest pin-prick expands into a wound as "wide as a church-door." Some small annoyance, some petty vexation, ruffles our self-esteem or disturbs our confidence; and immediately we proceed to make the most of this accidental or fugitive pin-prick—to aggravate and irritate it until it becomes a permanent sore. Then we go out into the highway, complaining of our troubles and demanding sympathy; not infrequently quarrelling with our best friends because they will not yield to the deception we have imposed upon ourselves. And when we have the grace to forbear this exposure to the world, and neither invite the condolence of our friends nor provoke the ridicule of our enemies, we nurse our grievances all the more zealously in secret, and caress them and make much of them, and vow that we are bleeding inly, when, in truth, we have received only a scratch or two on the epidermis. And so the evil process goes on, till our peace of mind is poisoned, the temper grows soured and suspicious, the better feelings of the heart are kept under, our capacity for good is weakened, and the higher life shut out from us by a hypochondriacal delusion. That is the mischief of these petty anxieties: they develop all that is meanest in our nature. A great sorrow, on the contrary, elevates and purifies; in passing through the furnace, whatever is coarse and worldly is burnt off from us. But these pin-pricks! How humiliating and debasing becomes their influence, if we suffer our minds to rest upon them, until, like the Afreet in the tiny vase, they grow with startling rapidity into gigantic figures which seem to defy control!

When you come to think of it, Byron's misshapen foot was but a pin-prick, compared with all the rare physical and mental endowments he had received; yet he contrived to exaggerate it into so great a grievance, that it threw a dark shadow over his whole life. Napoleon, at St. Helena, seems to have felt much less the heavy pressure and burden of captivity than the denial of certain forms and ceremonies which he considered due to his Imperial dignity. His sensitiveness under these pin-pricks I have always considered a clinching proof that, at bottom, he was not a great man. The revelations of the domestic economy of Carlyle and his wife show, in a very striking manner, the immense unhappiness that may spring from microscopic worries if we insist on representing them to ourselves as colossal evils. There is Oliver Goldsmith, with that happy genius of his, that fine talent for humour, that bland ripe wisdom, and the fame of having written one of the best poems, one of the best plays, and one of the best fictions in our literature—and yet how he snuffed from the pin-pricks which his vanity felt so keenly! But in many cases the pin-pricks are even more superficial. A glance at the pages of Horace Walpole or Charles Greville discovers the paltriness of the trials which humanity sometimes sighs over. One man is plunged into an abyss of despair because his rival obtains the Garter which he has calculated upon for his own knee; another reviles the gods because he has been put off with an Earl's coronet when he hoped for the strawberry-leaves. Lady Blank sulks for weeks because Lady Dash wore more diamonds than she did at the Drawing-room; and it is only too obvious that of pin-pricks so slight as these come envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. As one reads, one is lost in wonder at the littleness of that humanity which has all earth and sea and heaven for its enjoyment, and, beyond these, eternal life, and yet narrows and confines its vision to so low a level and so limited a sphere!

How ridiculous some of these pin-pricks are! How strange it is to see sensible men and women—who would probably bear real, and even terrible, anguish with heroic fortitude—permitting themselves to be depressed and sore at heart at some passing slight or disappointment! But a grain of sand in the eye may blind us to a flash of lightning. That Smith should have a larger house than ours, and sit higher in the synagogue; that Brown should figure in public subscription-lists for double our own modest offering; that Jones should turn out with a carriage and pair, when you are limited to a chaise and a pony; that Robinson should be elected to the Criterion when we are "pilled"; that, in a word, your neighbours should enjoy a little more of the world's sunshine than you do—what sources are these of daily, nay, hourly, heart-burning, anger, jealousy, and spite! The smaller the pin-pricks, the greater seems the pain. Do not let it be supposed that their effect is transitory. The worry which they involve wears out the higher and better energies of the soul; so that a man becomes incapable of impartial judgment—in capable of sincerity, of frank and honest dealing with his fellows—in capable of sympathy, of a generous appreciation of motives, of that tender allowance for the faults and failings of others, of which he himself will not fail to stand in need. It is in this way that cynics are made, and satirists, and selfish pseudo-philosophers, who are always railing at the life which is much too large and beautiful a thing for them to understand.

A man bravely silent under a heavy sorrow—ah! that is a sight to command our admiration! But a man whining and pining at the smart of a pin-prick—how can we look upon such an one except with contempt and disgust? What a pother he makes about his little troubles—calling upon heaven and earth to bear witness to them—and protesting that they are not as the troubles of other men, but something forged by Fate for his particular detriment and hurt! After all, one is sometimes tempted to believe that the alleged affliction is, in reality, a joy and a boon; for see how he hugs it, and makes much of it, and rubs the wound carefully, so as to keep it open! Some people do not seem happy unless they have a pin-prick to talk about; it feeds their vanity and nourishes their sense of self-importance; just as you may see a person with a physical ailment regarding it as a distinction, and impressing upon his neighbour that he is not, like him, a commonplace individual in rude health, but that grand character, a Man with a Malady! The more mysterious it is, the greater is his satisfaction. But these pin-pricks, these small trials of ours, what are they when compared with the larger anxieties of life? How they dwindle away into nothingness when we look around and see the victims of civilisation perishing in the sweating-dens and starving in the byways of our cities! One feels ashamed of the prominence one has given to them, when one sees the agony of the poor woman standing, pale and breathless, at the brink of the coal-mine just shattered by explosion, and waiting in dreary helplessness until the dead body of the father of her children is brought to the surface. In the presence of a sorrow like that, let us be silent—let us carry our pain and irritation into the solitude of our chamber, and seek consolation where alone, our heart tells us, at such times, is consolation to be found; let us not go out into the marketplace and heap dust and ashes on our heads before an unsympathising crowd. It is only when men are smarting under their pin-pricks, as I have said, that they seek to take the world into their confidence; but the world smiles and passes on.

W. H. D.-A.



THE LATE REV. CHARLES RHIND.
MISSIONARY TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.



THE LATE MR. CLARENCE STEWART LINDSAY.
KILLED IN THE EXPLOSION OF THE DE BEERS MINE, KIMBERLEY.

THE LATE REV. CHARLES RHIND.

The Rev. Charles Rhind, who died on July 7, at the age of seventy-four, had devoted no less than fifty-eight years to the service of the deaf and dumb. As a young man, he was appointed Principal of the Ulster Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Belfast; and, on resigning that post, set to work to found a Cambrian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Aberystwith—since removed to Swansea—of which he became the first Principal. Scotland next benefited by Mr. Rhind's labours, as he accepted the position of Principal of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Edinburgh; and, on leaving Edinburgh, in 1860, he became a missionary of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, in London. In ministering to the deaf-mutes of the metropolis, Mr. Rhind was very successful; and so highly were his services valued by the

committee of the Association, that, with the object of rendering them of still more value, they applied to the late Bishop of London to ordain him. The Bishop, having satisfied himself of the importance of the work done by Mr. Rhind, complied with the committee's request, and ordained Mr. Rhind deacon in 1878, admitting him to priest's orders in the following year. On the death of the Rev. Samuel Smith, in January, 1883, Mr. Rhind was appointed chaplain of St. Saviour's, Oxford-street; and there he laboured, until within three months of his death, with honour to himself, and greatly to the advantage of that class, so much to be pitied, in whom he had all his life evinced an active and unceasing interest.

The Duke of Norfolk opened the fourth wing of the Jaffray Hospital at Gravelly-hill, Birmingham, on July 25.

LATE MR. CLARENCE STEWART LINDSAY.

The untimely death of this gentleman, among those who perished in the disastrous conflagration at the De Beers diamond mine, near Kimberley, in South Africa, on July 11, has excited deep regret in Sunderland and Newcastle, and in all the mining districts of Durham and Northumberland, where he was widely known and highly esteemed. He was son of Mr. James Lindsay, superintendent registrar of births, deaths, and marriages at Sunderland, and was twenty-eight years of age. Having been educated for the profession of mining engineer, as a pupil of Mr. John Daglish, of Tynemouth, he was first employed at the Marsden Colliery, where he distinguished himself in some remarkable operations; and five or six years ago he was appointed by Sir Charles Mark Palmer manager of the Usworth Colliery. The feat he performed on the occasion



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(The Portrait of Plato is copied from an exquisite gem of high antiquity in the British Museum.)

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of the explosion there, in 1885, was a gallant attempt to save the lives of a couple of miners, who, along with himself, formed a rescue party, and who succumbed to the after-damp. He preserved his own life by chewing rusty nails, which counteracted the effect of the deadly gas which he had inhaled. In a half unconscious condition he dragged these men a considerable distance through the workings, and the act of heroism which he performed, though unavailing, attracted the attention of the whole country at the time. Mr. Lindsay could not, at the time of his death, have been more than a full week at the mine, since he had not long arrived in South Africa, being appointed manager of four great diamond mines, of which the De Beers is one. As proof of the estimation in which he was held by the profession, on the occasion of the visit of the Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers to Newcastle, he was appointed to inspect and report upon the various methods of ventilation in mines in this country and on the Continent.

SKETCHES IN CORNWALL.

A county so remote and sequestered, by its geographical position, from the rest of England, as is the extreme western peninsula—Cornwall exhibits few or no traces of Roman, Saxon, or distinctly Norman influences, but had an ancient civilisation of its own, and was, probably, long before the Roman invasion, frequently visited by foreign commerce. The inhabitants of some districts are still of a comparatively unmixed Celtic race, who received Christianity at a much earlier period than its introduction among the Anglo-Saxons, and others. The native language, which was nearly allied to the Cymric of Wales, ceased to be commonly spoken about one hundred years ago, but among the peasantry, miners, and fishing-folk, there are curious traditions and customs peculiar to Cornwall. Their household management, furniture, cookery, and some fashions of wearing apparel, may attract the notice of an observant visitor; and the odd aspect of the interior of a bake-house, represented in one of our Sketches, is an instance of this condition in the nooks and corners of the most westerly part of Great Britain.

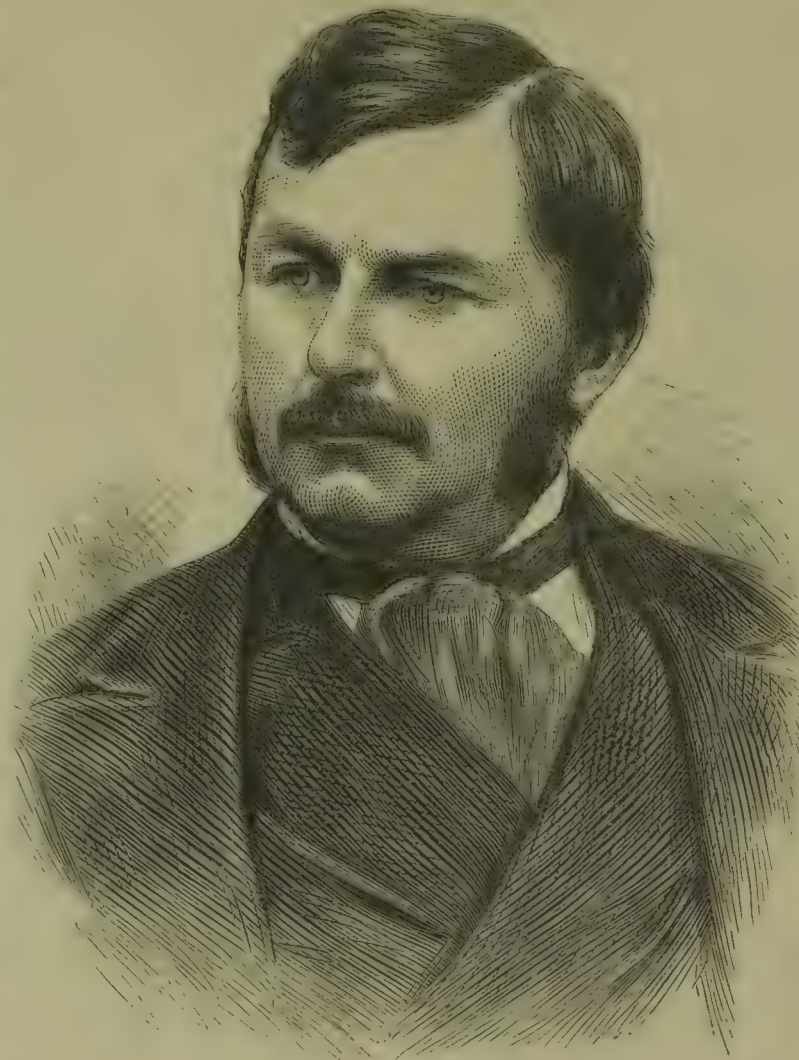
FOREIGN NEWS.

M. Floquet on July 29 unveiled the statue of General Mulsier at Tours. A banquet was given in the evening.—July 30 was the annual prize-day of the *Paris Lycées*, and a large and fashionable company assembled in the afternoon at the Sorbonne. The event of the proceedings was an excellent address from M. Lockroy, the Minister of Public Instruction, on the relative merits of the ancient and modern classics.—The progress of the Exhibition works in the Champ de Mars has met with an unexpected check, a large number of navvies engaged on the works having struck work for higher wages. In a conflict with the police, who drew their swords, ten men have been wounded. Recent storms in France have done great damage. The Department of the Lozère has been visited by a terrific cyclone, which has uprooted gigantic oaks of ancient renown, as well as any number of chestnut-trees and poplars. The mother of the Curé of Pin-Mories was struck by lightning in the rectory, death being instantaneous.

Signor Crispi has issued a circular to the Powers, notifying the occupation of Massowah by Italy.

The King and Queen of Portugal left Lisbon on July 30 on their foreign tour. A proclamation of the Crown Prince announces the assumption by him of the Regency of the country during the King's absence.

A salute of seventy-two guns at Berlin, on July 27, announced that the German Empress had given birth to a son. Her Majesty and the child are doing well.—The Emperor has ordered that the anniversaries of the birthdays of the Emperors William and Frederick, as also of the days on which they died, shall be celebrated in all Prussian schools as memorable days in German history.—The Emperor William arrived at Stockholm on July 26. He was received on landing by King Oscar, the Crown Prince and Princess, and the principal officials. An enormous crowd loudly cheered his Majesty. In the evening a banquet was given at the castle, covers being laid for 150 guests. His Majesty, accompanied by Prince Henry, spent the next day in visiting several places of interest in and around Stockholm; and on Saturday, July 28, his Majesty sailed from Stockholm in the Hohenzollern for Copenhagen. The Emperor William and Prince Henry were met at sea on the morning of July 30 by the King and Crown Prince of Denmark. The German Emperor afterwards landed at Copenhagen, where the whole of the Danish Royal family welcomed him. The King and the Emperor visited the Exhibition, and were well received. In the evening a State banquet was given in the Emperor's honour at the palace, and shortly after midnight his Imperial Majesty left; arriving late on Aug. 1 at Friedrichsruh, where he was received by Prince Bismarck.



THE LATE MR. FRANK HOLL, R.A.

REPRINTED FROM THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JULY 20, 1878.

The centenary celebration of the birth of King Ludwig I. of Bavaria was inaugurated at Munich on the morning of July 30 by the ringing of bells and the playing of bands stationed on the towers of the churches, in all of which there was an early morning service. The principal service, held in the basilica of St. Boniface, was attended by the Prince Regent, all the members of the Royal family, the deputations from the different cities, the Papal Nuncio, and the Diplomatic Body. Several wreaths were placed on King Ludwig's tomb in the basilica. In the evening a marble bust of Ludwig I. was unveiled in the Hall of Heroes, in the presence of all the members of the Royal house, the Diet, and a vast concourse of visitors, the total number of spectators being estimated at 100,000. Subsequently there was a firework display, at the conclusion of which the crowd sang "Die Wacht am Rhein" and the National Anthem. During the celebration on July 31 some elephants in the procession were frightened by the noise of a steam-car and broke away. Many people whom they trampled upon were seriously injured.

Prince Gregory Ghika of Roumania died on July 30, at Klausenburg, in Transylvania.

The King of Greece has arrived at St. Petersburg.

The ninth centenary of the introduction of Christianity into Russia has been celebrated throughout the Empire, but especially at Kieff.

The Cape Parliament has passed a resolution declaring that the separation of the offices of High Commissioner and Governor of Cape Colony would be fraught with danger to the interests of South Africa.

The opening of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition took place on Aug. 1. All the colonies sent large contingents of visitors and the city was crowded, the gathering of leading Australians being immense and never before equalled. The whole city was en fête.

The marriage of M. de Geyer, Secretary to the Swedish Legation, Constantinople, with Miss White, the daughter of the British Ambassador, took place on July 31. The ceremony was celebrated by Monsignor Bonetti, the Apostolic Archbishop, in the Cathedral of the Holy Spirit. The bride received numerous costly presents, among which was a splendid tiara of diamonds sent by the Sultan.

THE LATE MR. FRANK HOLL, R.A.

The death of this eminent artist, at the early age of forty-three, and at the height of his professional success, is deeply regretted. It took place on Tuesday, July 31, at the well-known house which he had built for himself, called "The Three Gables," in Fitzjohn's avenue, Hampstead. He had been unwell since last May, and had gone to Spain for a holiday; but returned after a fortnight in rather worse health. Mr. Frank Holl was a son of the engraver Francis Holl, A.R.A., and was born on July 4, 1845, at St. James's-terrace, Kentish-town. He went to University College School, but at the age of fifteen was entered as a probationer in the Royal Academy Schools. There he soon made his mark, obtaining a silver medal in 1862, and the gold medal and a scholarship in the following year. In 1864 he began to exhibit, and from that time contributed regularly to the exhibitions. In 1868 he gained the Two Years Travelling Studentship. He devoted himself to subject pictures, generally of a pathetic cast, such as "No Tidings from the Sea" (1871), "Leaving Home" (1873), "Deserted" (1874), "Want," and "The Emigrant's Departure." In 1878 he was elected an A.R.A. Nine or ten years ago, however, he painted his first portrait, that of the veteran engraver Samuel Cousins. It proved the great talent of Mr. Holl as a portrait painter. Mr. Holl was at once overwhelmed with commissions, so that from that time till the day of his death he may be said to have scarcely had a single day, except during his annual holiday, free from sitters. A list of them would include a number of the most eminent contemporary Englishmen, while not a few Americans took advantage of a visit to London to have themselves painted by Mr. Holl. His very last work, completed since the opening of the Academy Exhibition, was a portrait of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Among the most successful, we may mention portraits of Signor Piatti; Dr. Graham; the late Registrar-General; Captain Sim, a naval veteran of ninety years old; Dr. Cradock, the late principal of Brasenose; Dr. Bellamy, President of St. John's; Sir Henry Rawlinson; Sir Frederick Roberts; Vice-Chancellor Bacon; Lord Wolsley; Mr. Chamberlain; Lord Overstone; Mr. Bright; the Duke of Cleveland; the picture of Lord Spencer, which will probably be reckoned the painter's masterpiece; and that of Mr. Gladstone, which was given to its subject as a golden-wedding present. Besides these half-lengths, there are the two full-lengths of the Prince of Wales, painted for the Middle Temple and for the Trinity House, and that of the Duke of Cambridge in the uniform of a Field-Marshal. Mr. Holl was made a R.A. in 1884, and his rank among the very best of modern English portrait-painters is beyond dispute.

Mr. Frank Holl had a seizure soon after his return from Madrid, and Sir William Jenner forbade him to undertake more than one sitter a day. This moderate amount of work seemed not too great for his strength, but while staying with a friend, he had a second seizure, and since that time his doctors—Dr. Broadbent and Mr. William Adams—regarded his case as anxious, though they by no means despaired of curing him. But he was again seized with cardiac disease, and died in a moment.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle, of Regent-street, which we engraved ten years ago.

The inaugural meeting in connection with the visit of the University Extension students to Oxford was held at the new Examination Schools on July 31, when about 1000 persons were present. Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., presided, and heartily welcomed the visitors. The inaugural address was given by Mr. A. H. Dyke-Acland, M.P.

By the will of Mr. Henry Edward Southouse, late of Clifton-terrace, Brighton (dated May, 1861), with codicils (of recent dates), of which probate has been granted, the Pope is left residuary legatee of the testator's property, real and personal. The personality is declared at £36,116. There are several bequests to relatives and others; but their amount will not probably exceed £7000 or £8000.

On the opening day of the Goodwood Meeting Mr. J. Gretton won the Craven Stakes with Apollo, Lord Dudley the Charlton Welter Handicap Plate with Monsieur de Paris, the Duke of Portland the Ham Stakes with Donovan, Mr. T. Cannon the Stewards' Cup with Tib, Mr. T. Jennings, jun., the March Stakes with Corbeille, Mr. Rose the Richmond Stakes with Gulliver, Mr. W. M. Redfern the Hainaker Stakes with Yard Arm, and Lord Ellesmere the Gratwicke Stakes with Estafette. On the second day Prince Solytkoff's Love-Idleness won the Bognor Plate of 500 sovs., Lord Calthorpe's Beadroll being second; the Drayton High Weight Handicap was won by Mr. McCalmont's Castlenock, Mr. Kenyon's Binfield coming in second, and Mr. R. Crest's Edlington third. Mr. Manton's Zanzibar came in first for the Sussex Stakes, Lord Ellesmere's Estafette being second, and Prince Solytkoff's Sheen third.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON BOARD A CUNARDER FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

Of all the great Atlantic steamship lines the Cunard still stands without a rival in popularity. Its steamers are not only the fastest, but excel all in comfort and general attendance. Life on board one of these floating palaces is not, as some may suppose, one of dull routine, but full of incidents; acquaintances are quickly made, friendships are established of which many interesting tales are told in after years. A late United States Consul at one of the English ports relates the following:—"On my last voyage from England, on one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were emaciated and his face sallow, which bore traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making. 'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage, but if you require any assistance I shall be glad to help you.' 'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my state-room up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.' 'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said, 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America.' 'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for two years, and after failing to find relief from medical skill, have lately tried the springs of Carlsbad and Vichy; but they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow, and I am her only child.' There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly, and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him, watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing, my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten-year-old boy—of a neighbour of mine, residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack

of the gout in New York, just before his last voyage, by the use of the remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so, I covered him up snugly in bed, and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his state-room, and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him, and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered, with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain, and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go ashore.' I then applied the Oil, again rubbing his knees, ankles, and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went up on deck, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breezes; and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting for his home that evening. With a grateful smile he welcomed me, and, pointing to a box carefully done up in thick brown paper, he said:—"That is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the chemist across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. If you should ever visit Sedalia, in Missouri, I will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as an ornament, as well as a memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer." We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat, with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health, and containing many grateful expressions of his affectionate regards." The curative powers of St. Jacobs Oil are simply marvellous. It is wholly an outward application. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It acts like magic. It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It cures, even when everything else has failed. A single trial will convince the most incredulous. It has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia, which had resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime. It has cured people who have been crippled with pain for more than twenty years. After the most thorough and practical test, St. Jacobs Oil has received Six Gold Medals at different International Exhibitions, for its marvellous power to conquer pain. It is used extensively in the leading Hospitals and Dispensaries of the Metropolis and provincial cities, and also on board Her Majesty's Troop-ships, and on all the ships of the Cunard Steamship Company's magnificent fleet. Put up in white wrappers for human use, and in yellow wrappers for veterinary purposes.

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LETTER-WRITING.

The art of letter-writing is most successful when the writer forgets that it is an art. A number of fine qualities, intellectual and moral, are needed in order to compose a good letter, but they should be exercised unconsciously. Any laborious effort to say fine things in correspondence will inevitably destroy its charm. This was Pope's blunder. So proud was he of the sentiments expressed in his letters, and of his literary craft as a letter-writer, that in the effort to win fame in this direction he missed the mark altogether, and lost his character to boot. So elaborate were the artifices to which he resorted in order to publish his letters that if his little plots had not been unravelled it would be difficult to credit them. And the result of all his trickery was failure. His letters belong to the history of the time, and will therefore be read by the student; but how gladly will he turn from them to those of Swift, who says in the simplest language what he has to say! This was the great Dean's forte in all his writings, and it is the special charm of his racy correspondence, in which there is no visible sign of effort. He was quite aware of his friend Pope's "schemes of epistolary fame," and observes that when a letter is written with a view to publication, it ceases to be a letter, and becomes a *jeu d'esprit*. Swift was too sensible to sin in this way, and there is no portion of the nineteen volumes which form his works that can be read with such unmixt pleasure as the letters known as the "Journal to Stella."

It is the custom to praise the poet Gray as a letter-writer, and, in some respects, with justice. "His letters," said Rogers, "have for me an inexpressible charm; they are as witty as Walpole's, and have, what his want, true wisdom." After lately reading again the whole series of these letters, one hundred and eighty-six in number (what did Mr. Matthew Arnold mean by saying that Gray "never spoke out"?), we confess we cannot quite agree with Rogers's criticism. Some passages, no doubt, are exquisitely tender; some show, as all readers know, a passion for Nature unusual at that period. And yet Gray seldom lets you forget that he is a scholar first, and a man afterwards. He does not unbend sufficiently.

Walpole's correspondence is more amusing than Gray's, from its variety. It is far fuller of matter, but without the poet's refinement and grace. Any idle moments may be filled up agreeably with Walpole, himself the greatest of literary idlers; but we do not turn to Gray's letters for pastime—a word, by-the-way, about which Bishop Butler has something serious to say in one of his famous sermons. Lord Macaulay has hit the mark when he says that the charm of Walpole's writings consists in the art of amusing without exciting, and that he keeps the mind of the reader constantly attentive and constantly entertained.

Of all the letter-writers of the last century Cowper stands in the first place. The shyest and most retiring of men, living in a rural village, and cut off from society by his painful malady, when he takes the pen in hand and writes to "Sister Anne" or to his "dearest Coz," Lady Hesketh, he becomes the liveliest of companions. The humour of these letters is only exceeded by their tenderness; his "divine chit-chat," as it has been called, makes us familiar with the man at once. He has no reserve now, and comes out bravely into the sunshine as if ready to face the world. Never was poet more blessed in his "womankind." Mrs. Unwin possessed the solid virtues and the most faithful affection. Lady Austen had the vivacity of a Frenchwoman. "She laughs and makes laugh," the poet wrote, "and keeps up a conversation without seeming to labour at it"; and Lady Hesketh, his "pride and his

joy," who is said to have been a brilliant beauty in her prime, had a true woman's heart for the poet, sympathising alike in his sorrows and in his gayer moments. Writing to her on one occasion he says, "When I read your letters I hear you talk, and I love talking letters dearly." It was just such letters that Cowper wrote in his happiest moments, with his heart in every line of them. They are full of a delightful humour, reminding us that the writer was the author of "John Gilpin," and are occasionally shadowed by the pathos that has its deepest expression in "The Castaway."

It will be remembered that Cowper and Burns were contemporaries. The classical scholar, when he wrote in prose, used far simpler language than the immortal ploughman. In pure English verse Burns is rarely seen at his best, but in letter-writing he appears to labour at every line. Thus, in one of his amatory epistles to Mrs. Maclellan, he writes:—

"O, Clarinda, shall we not meet in a state, some yet unknown state, of being where the lavish hand of plenty shall minister to the highest wish of benevolence, and where the chill north-wind of prudence shall never blow over the flowery field of enjoyment?" And many a passage might be quoted from the poet's letters equally high-flown and ridiculous.

Charles Lamb stands first among the letter-writers of our century. The greatest essayist of the age, his correspondence is very nearly as delightful as his essays. His humour is broader and richer than Cowper's, and he gives way at times to the wildest extravagances and "fibs" to an extent that would have shocked the recluse of Olney. There is a Christmas-Day letter to his friend Manning that is quite a masterpiece in this way. To Manning, indeed, a man of learning and mathematics, and sober as such a man should be, Lamb writes in a madcap spirit of mirth. There is something in contrariety. Even undertakers have their jokes. Elia cannot restrain his when he is writing to Wordsworth, who, if he had been blessed with humour, would have been better able to distinguish simplicity from childishness. Wordsworth's letters, though weighty, are just a little dull; not so Southey's, who writes his character upon every page of his immense correspondence, and relates, far better than his biographers can, the story of his life.

In literature, as in life, women, when they do not claim equality with men, often show that they are superior. They are generally better letter-writers from their playfulness and ease and truth to Nature. We can believe, too—though, unfortunately, one's personal experience in this way is limited—that their love-letters are delightful. This assuredly is not too high praise to give to the charming letters written by Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple two centuries ago. We are inclined to doubt a little whether Sir William was quite worthy of such love; but perhaps no man is altogether worthy of a good woman's affection, and it is to his credit that he appears to have loved Dorothy as much after the ravages of the smallpox as when she was in the pride of her beauty. Between Dorothy Osborne and Jane Carlyle there is no point of semblance, save that both women were good letter-writers, and in those hours—in frequent it is to be hoped—when one feels inclined to kick at life, and even to satirise friends, what better book can be taken up than "Mrs. Carlyle's Letters." They make one believe that, with the pen as with the voice, she was a match for her husband. To print such letters, written to a confidential friend, was a crying outrage. The public blamed the naughty act, but they read the letters, and, considering how frail human nature is, are hardly to be blamed for doing so. Is it wrong to profit just a little by a neighbour's faults?

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of Art* for the current month opens with another paper on the "Language of Line," by Mr. Walter Crane, illustrated with many beautiful examples of the work of that eminent designer, who has always done so much to raise the handicraftsman to the level of an artist. Miss Mabel Robinson contributes an account of that munificent art-patron and brilliant Roman Emperor, Hadrian, whose many and remarkable gifts have won him a conspicuous place in the pages of history, and who must always be an interesting personality to artists as the friend of Antinous, the deified type of young male beauty. Mr. Henry Herman has written an interesting paper on "Art in the Theatre," in which he criticises in most emphatic terms the sacrifices of archaeological truth to spectacular effect, to be seen at our best-managed theatres. Contemporary art is represented by Mr. Claude Phillips's article on the Paris Salon, illustrated by engravings after Bouguereau, Collin, Dagnan-Bouveret, and Adam; and the frontispiece to the magazine is a photograph of a particularly beautiful picture by Gustave Courtois, one of the most successful of M. Gérôme's pupils, representing the Virgin with the Infant in her arms, the strong grave face of the mother contrasting wonderfully with the childish happy one pressed close to hers.

In the *Art Journal* of August Mr. Prideaux carries the reader with him and his camera up the Thames, from Lechlade to Oxford, pointing out on the way the many beauties of the lovely river. Mr. Lewis Hind introduces us to a very different—though, in its way, equally picturesque—neighbourhood, Christ's Hospital, in Newgate-street, where, a hundred years ago, Coleridge, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt wore the curious coat and yellow stockings of the Blue-Coat boys. Notes on "Japan and its Art Wares" are continued from last month by Mr. Marcus B. Huish; and Mr. P. Villars continues his "Tour of a Foreign Artist and Author in England," the friends having now reached the historic and picturesque city of York.

The Lord Mayor opened the Fire Rescue Exhibition, Portman Rooms, Baker-street, on July 30.

Sir John W. Reid has been awarded the good-service pension of one hundred pounds a year for Inspector-General, in the room of the late Inspector-General Domville.

Prize-day on H.M.S. Worcester, on July 27, proved an exceptionally interesting occasion. The cadets were honoured by the presence of Captain J. S. Webb, the Deputy-Master of the Trinity House, and from his hand received the valuable prizes which had been awarded them, and, at the same time, words of counsel and encouragement, which, it is hoped, they will not willingly let die. Sir G. H. Chambers presided. Cadet Adley received the Queen's Gold Medal annually awarded to the Worcester cadet likely to make the finest sailor, and he also received the valuable sextant presented by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House to the winner of the Queen's prize. The gold watch annually presented by the P. and O. Company to the cadet standing second in the gold-medal competition, was awarded to H. C. Robinson. Cadet Metcalfe received the Naval Cadetship given by the Admiralty, and he also was presented with a handsome binocular-glass awarded by the Queen, and £35. A second Naval Cadetship was specially granted this year to Percival Jones. Lady Florence Dixie presented her own prize of £10 to Cadet Mead for general smartness. It was enclosed in a silver case in the form of a medal. Congratulatory addresses were given by several of the visitors.

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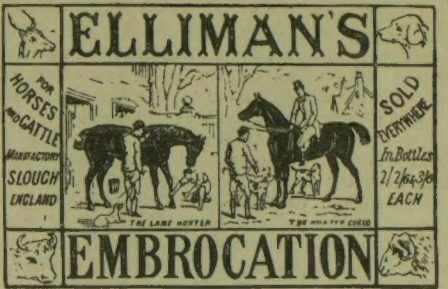
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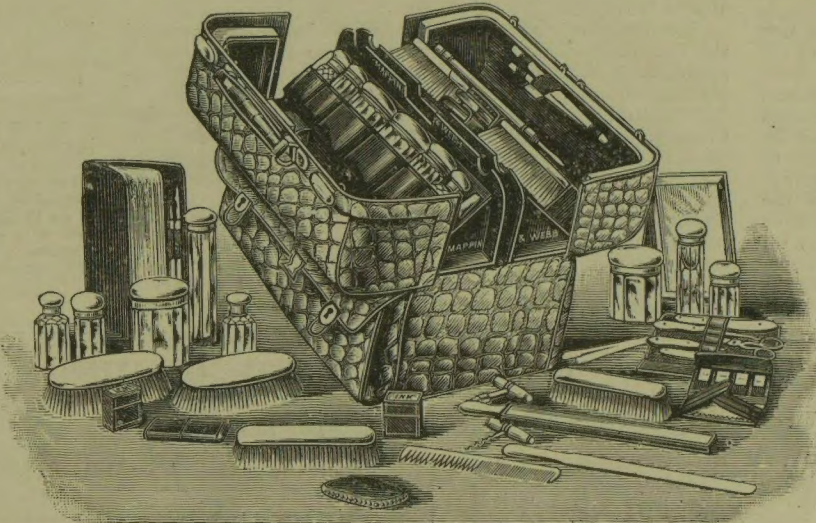


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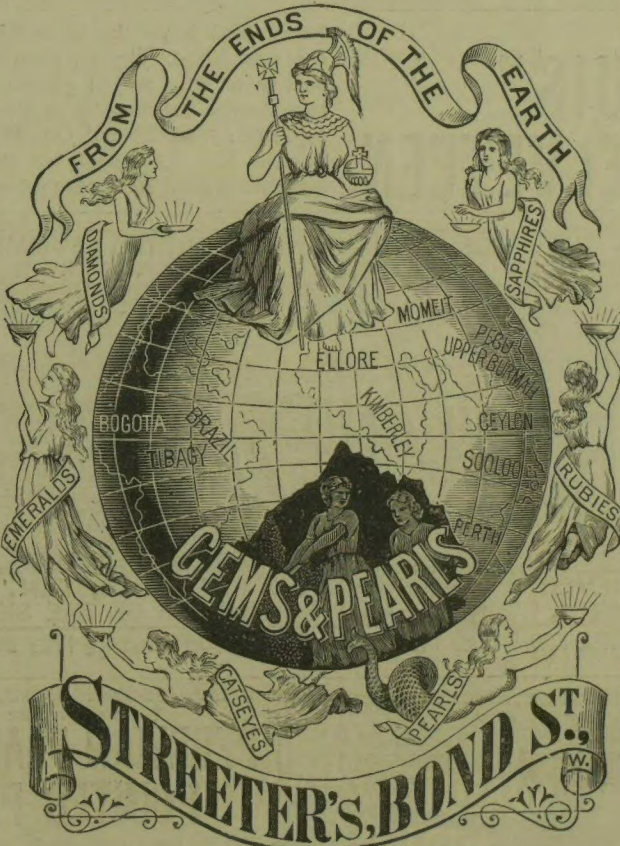
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THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Prince of Wales entered the House of Lords on the Twenty-seventh of July in time to hear the lively debate on a matter which has caused much vexation of spirit. The difficulty of finding a substitute for Wimbledon Common as the site of our national rifle meeting is essentially a question, for the impartial consideration of which a "cross-bench mind" is indispensable. Yet it so happened that next the Prince on the front cross-bench sat the Duke of Cambridge, the personage principally interested; whilst that devoted champion of the Volunteers, the Earl of Wemyss, was in a white heat on the bench behind the Commander-in-Chief. Hence so much of the "cross-bench mind" as found expression on this occasion was manifestly prejudiced.

Our crack-shots are quitting Wimbledon with extreme regret. There is no doubt on that point. To allay the irritation occasioned by the order to "move on," the Government would do well to incur no delay in deciding upon the fresh site. Residents in or near Richmond, and the comparatively few who delight in the picturesqueness of Richmond Park, are naturally up in arms against the proposal of Lord Wantage and the National Rifle Association to set up targets even in the most secluded portion of the park near Roehampton. I have enjoyed many a pleasant ramble in the corner of the park it is desired to set apart for the Volunteers for a very few weeks in the year, and I must confess, much though I might regret being deprived even for a short interval of a favourite walk, the part reaching from the Robin Hood gate to Roehampton gate is so little used that the public would suffer next to no loss by its temporary occupation by the National Rifle Association in July, together with the private enclosure Lord Wantage referred to. The Duke of Cambridge resolutely set his face against the retention of Wimbledon and the removal to Richmond Park, on the score of public danger; but frankly added, with regard to Wimbledon, he did not see why he should not look after his own interests. In view of the rapid growth of the suburbs, he recommended the riflemen to go further a-field. Lord Wemyss dwelt on the desirability of choosing a ground near London. The Marquis of Salisbury, in his reply, seemed to discountenance the Richmond project; but said it was for the Government, not the noble Duke, to settle the point at issue. It is earnestly to be hoped the matter will be decided promptly, and with a due regard to the manifest desire of the majority of our marksmen as conveyed through the medium of the National Rifle Association, whose valuable services were deservedly recognised by the Prime Minister.

The chief Ministerial measure of the Session, a monument of Mr. Ritchie's skill as an administrator and a legislator,

has reached the House of Lords, and met, save for one remarkable exception, with general approval. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, in moving the second reading on the Thirty-first of July, gave a lucid explanation of its scope. As the noble Lord remarked, it is to be hoped the functions of the new County Councils will be recognised by everyone as duties which the ablest men in the community may be proud to perform. It was in the diligent performance of such public functions, be it remembered, that Mr. Chamberlain acquired those high administrative and debating faculties which distinguish him. To the Earl of Carnarvon, of all persons in the world—to the ex-Viceroy who lent a not unfavourable ear unto Mr. Parnell's views on Irish local self-government—was it left to carp at this liberal measure of the Government for granting County Councils to England and Wales. Lord Carnarvon's petty objections, however, were easily removed by Lord Salisbury, who would not for a moment acknowledge they were rolling in a vehicle downhill, with the reins hanging about the heels of the horses. The noble Marquis believed the gentry would maintain their legitimate high standing in the councils, and that an improvement in the management of local affairs might be reasonably anticipated. The Bill was read the second time. Its progress through the remaining stages will, doubtless, be proportionately quick. The Prime Minister and the Lords believe in dispatch. Would that the Commons did likewise!

The harassed and careworn Leader of the Lower House needs a period of rest and recreation more than many members. Mr. W. H. Smith has reason to complain of personal worry and pertinacious baiting. To him the proposed adjournment at the close of the week ending the Eleventh of August must be particularly welcome. Whether by rigid economy of time at the commencement of the Session the reassembling in November for an Autumn Session might not have been avoided is best known to the right hon. gentleman.

Personalities in abundance have cropped up in the course of the heated debates on the Commission to inquire into the accuracy or inaccuracy of the momentous charges of connivance at murder contained in the *Times*' pamphlet on "Parnellism and Crime." Mr. Sexton's motion, on the Thirtieth of July, that the number of Judges should be increased from three to five, was negative, but only by a narrow majority. The names of Sir James Hannen and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith were accepted without a dissentient voice. But strong exception was taken to Mr. Justice Day's appointment on the Commission; Mr. John Morley barbing his shaft by a passage from a letter sent him by a Mr. Adams to the effect that, "Mr. Justice Day is a man of the seventeenth century, a Catholic strong as Torquemada, a Tory of the old high-flyer

and non-juror type. . . . He nightly railed against Parnell and his friends. He regards them as infidels and 'Reds' who have led astray the Catholic nation," &c. Discussion on this point waxed very hot. Mr. Gladstone strongly objected to the appointment, as did Mr. Parnell; but the Government defended it, and the name of Mr. Justice Day was retained by a majority of 89. Mr. Parnell, later in the evening, accused Mr. Chamberlain of making use of the Irish Party on his entrance into the House to serve his own ends, and of betraying Cabinet secrets when he became a Minister. Mr. T. P. O'Connor capped this by calling the right hon. gentleman, "Judas Chamberlain," a term which he withdrew by direction of the Chairman. From the answer Mr. Chamberlain made to Mr. Parnell the following evening—the right hon. member for West Birmingham preserving his characteristic calmness throughout—it was clear that Mr. Chamberlain had an interview with Mr. Parnell on the morrow of the lamentable Phoenix Park assassinations, and also held communications with him in 1885 concerning the projected National Council in Dublin. But there appeared to be nothing at all underhand, as alleged, in these communications. As for the determined contention of Mr. Parnell that the allegations against him and his colleagues should be clearly defined and restricted to criminal charges, and not be allowed to ramble over the political question, the Ministry firmly resisted the limitation, as being likely to hinder the elicitation of the full truth. But the Judges on the Royal Commission will, no doubt, exercise their own common-sense on this debateable point.

BIRTH.

On July 26, at Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames, the wife of the late Walter Herbert Ingram, of 11, St. George's-place, S.W., of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On July 25, at St. Michael's parish church, Arlecdon, Cumberland, by the Rev. W. F. Ives, Vicar, assisted by the Rev. Richard Taylor, Vicar of Bromfield, Joseph Hugh, second son of Henry Jefferson, of Springfield, J.P., and D.L. Cumberland, to Elizabeth Ann, only daughter of the late Thomas Dixon, of Rheda, J.P. Cumberland.

DEATHS.

On July 23, at Vienna, Margaret Turner (née Rolland), widow of Thomas Marriott Tatlock, aged 75 years. Friends please accept this intimation.

On July 27, suddenly, at Bushey, Herts, Lorenz Herkomer, beloved father of Professor Hubert Herkomer, in his 74th year. Friends please accept this, the only intimation.

On Friday, July 27, 1888, at 25, Argyll-road, Kensington, London, W., Ann, wife of Alexander John Ellis, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., of Brooklands, Alconbury, Huntingdon, and second daughter of the late John Clervaux Chaytor, Esq., of Spennithorne Hall, Bedale, Yorkshire.

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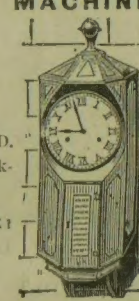
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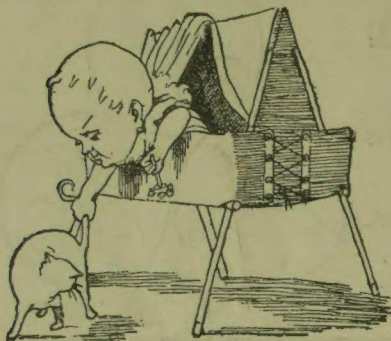
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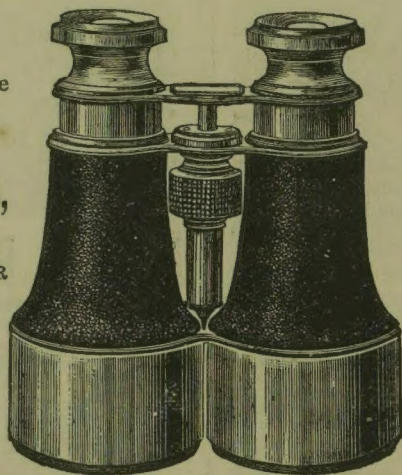
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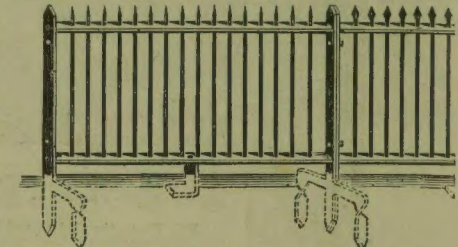
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